"Sleep! Sleep secure my boys the night away
Sweet be your easy rest till dawning day."

Painted by the late R. Riley. Engraved by G. Noble.

Published by Suttaby & Co. Feb. 1816.

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CALIOPE;
A Selection of
Ballads,
LEGENDARY & PATHETIC.

Drawn by R. Cook. Engraved by Anthony Aikin.

"The cleft, the vaulted tomb, did move the wondering pair."
Hermit of Warkworth, p.31.

LONDON.

Published by Suttaby, Evance & Fox, Stationers Court;
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PREFACE.

SENSIBLE of the favour with which an extensive impression of the former edition of CALLIOPE has been received, the Proprietors have sedulously endeavoured to evince their gratitude to the public, by rendering the following pages peculiarly deserving of general approbation.

They regret, indeed, that this volume was not originally completed on the principles, and in the spirit, which ought to have regulated its compilation. It has, therefore, undergone a severe scrutiny; it has been thoroughly revised, and, by this process, is also considerably augmented. Many pieces have been ejected, as inconsistent with the design of the publication; while a number of other poems, diligently collected from various sources, but congenial with the nature of the undertaking, supply those omissions which it appeared indispensible to make in preparing a new edition of CALLIOPE.

By thus adhering to the professed object of the present Selection, it now assumes, if not another character, at least a novel appearance. It may

without much exaggeration, be pronounced—A New Work.

CALLIOPE—the muse of Eloquence and of Heroism—is at length, employed in celebrating the achievements of Valour, and describing the fascinations of Beauty.

As it was the desire of the Editor to render this collection of LEGENDARY BALLADS acceptable to persons of every class in society, and equally accessible to the learned or the unlearned, he has ventured to modernise the orthography of different authors, whenever this refinement did not operate to the injury either of the simplicity or melody of their compositions. Such a liberty, he is perfectly aware, would be considered highly reprehensible, had it formed any part of his design to exhibit the classical progress of language, and not principally to enhance the gratification of a numerous portion of readers, by facilitating their progress.

To obtrude in this place many critical reflections on the origin of traditionary or legendary tales, and on the rules to be observed in such productions, might justly be reckoned among the labours of supererogation. It is in these compositions that the ancestors of the modern nations have conserved and perpetuated their most remarkable occurrences, and most distinguished transactions; and, with a felicity unattainable by their more polished descendants, animate us to the emulation of illustrious deeds, and engage our affections in whatsoever they describe.

We are interested in all they do; we sympathise in all they suffer. There is a tenderness, dignity, pathos, simplicity, in most of these poetic narratives, which irresistibly appeals to the heart, delights the imagination, and elevates the mind.

If the emotions of chivalric feeling have not like the age of chivalry itself, passed entirely away; if the human heart is not become wholly callous to sentiments of high honour, and the human mind has not absolutely discarded the principles of a lofty magnanimity; if there still exist those who ardently contemplate the glory of past ages, and in whose nature is united the most touching sensibility with the most dignified courage;——there are characters, to whom the following pages will not require the formality of an introduction.

August 5, 1807.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea shore, almost surrounded by the river Coquet, (called by our old Latin Historians Coqueda) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swoln with rain becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of an Hermitage; of which the chapel is still entire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the sacristy and vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses: for the former of these, which runs parallel with the chapel, is thought to have had an altar in it, at which mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal chapel does not in

length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height; it is, however, very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church, or Cathedral in minature.

But what principally distinguishes the chapel, is a small tomb or monument, on the south side of the altar; on the top of which lies a female figure extended in the manner that effigies are usally exhibited, praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish churches, who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar: whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other figures; which, as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut

in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little chapel itself, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this hermitage, tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It is universally agreed, that the founder was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothel Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth, he has been thought to be the same Bertram that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel: which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of King Henry I. whereas the form of the Gothic windows in this chapel, especially of those near the altar, is founded rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of King Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this chapel cannot be much older, appears from the crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden informs us, that armorial crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of King Edward II.

These appearances, still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the Hermit of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family who lived at a later period.

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CALLIOPE.

The Hermit of Warkworth,

A

NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

PART I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

'O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.'

'It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

'And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.'

'O! trust in Heaven,' the Hermit said,
'And to my cell repair!
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.'

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow:
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below:

'O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree:

'But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray:
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.'

'Praise heaven, my son,' the Hermit said;
'The lady's safe and well:'
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen these gentle friends,
They lov'd each other dear:
The youth he press'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair:
The youth was tall, with manly bloom;
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle horn so bright:
She in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

'Sit down, my children,' says the Sage;
'Sweet rest your limbs require:'
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

'Partake, (he said,) my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;'
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

'Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;'
The youthful couple say:
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

'Now say, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?'

'First tell me, father,' said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
'What town is near? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?'

'Alas! my son,' the Hermit said,
'Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away?

'Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

'Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And, stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

'One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

'In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham lost his life.

'And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honors reft and lost.

'No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

'Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

'Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

'Those towers, alas! now lie forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

'Meantime far off, mid Scotish hills
The Percy lives unknown:
On strangers' bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

'O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss!'—
He said, and dropt a tear.

'And is the Percy still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, bless me, father,' said the youth,
'For I, thy guest, am he.'

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head:

'Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair?'

'Now, father! listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

'In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand,*
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

'With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

'Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wander'd as in chase,
Till in the noble Neville's house†
I gain'd a hunter's place.

'Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
That Baron's daughter fair.'

'Now, Percy, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

'It happen'd on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wander'd forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

---

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuator of Fordun's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmorland, whose principal residence was at Raby Castle, in the Bishopric of Durham.

'Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

'My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

'With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

'He fought, till more assistance came;
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
To make me more his own.'

'O happy day! the youth replied:
Blest were the wounds I bear!
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

'And when she knew my name and birth,
She vow'd to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)
Her princely mother's pride:

'Sister of haughty Bolingbroke*
Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought a banish'd wight
Could ne'er such favour shew.

---

* Joan, Countess of Westmorland, mother of the young Lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of King Henry IV.

'Despairing then to gain consent;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

'This evening as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood:

'Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.'

'Now rest ye both,' the Hermit said;
'Awhile your cares forego:
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed;
——We'll pass the night below.'*

---

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bedchamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

PART II.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled:
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpower'd her breast!
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride!—

'Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.'

'O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?
When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?

'For thee I left a father's smiles,
And mother's tender care;
And, whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.'

'And wilt thou then, O generous maid!
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me, a banish'd wight,
My peril, pain, or woe?

'Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast:
For know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

'Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee:*

''Tis father Bernard, so rever'd
For every worthy deed;
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

'To fetch this good and holy man
Our revered host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.'

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way;
Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

---

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine Monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little Garden stands;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows:
The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace;
The latice for confession fram'd,
And Holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;
A weeping warrior at her feet;
And near to these her crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair:
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair!

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak:
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek:

'Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.'

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

'Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir Bertram was his name.

'Where'er the noble Percy fought
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

---

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here described are still visible; only somewhat effaced with length of time.

'Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

'Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling place;*
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

'Many a lord, and many a knight
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

'Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

'But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

'That heart, (she said,) is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

'Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and Barons all.

---

* Widdrington Castle, is about five miles south of Warkworth.

'With wassal, mirth, and revelry
The Castle rang around:
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

'The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
"How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.*

"Brave Galfrid next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came;
And, from his Norman Castles won,
Assum'd the Percy name.†

"They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William ship'd his powers,
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers.‡

---

* See Dugdale's Baronage, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname De Percy.

‡ William de Percy, (fifth in descent from Galfrid, or Geffrey de Percy, son of Mainfred,) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte, (so the Norman writers name her,) whose father, a great Saxon Lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young Lady, William from a principle of honour and generosity, married; for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror,

" Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died:
But first the silver Crescent won,
Some paynin Soldan's pride.

" They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The Queen's own brother wed
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.*

" How he the Percy name reviv'd,
And how his noble line
Still foremost in their country's cause
With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the masters' song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recal:
When, lo! a damsel young and fair
Step'd forward through the hall.

" he (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience." See Harl. MSS. 692. (26.)—He died in Asia, in the first Crusade.

* Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Lovain, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother of Queen Adeliza, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son Lord Richard de Percy was one of the twenty-five Barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

She Bertram courteously address'd;
And kneeling on her knee;—
'Sir knight, the Lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.'

Then forth she drew a glittering helm
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

'Sir Knight, thy Lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.'

Young Bertram took the shining helm
And thrice he kiss'd the same:
'Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.'

Lord Percy, and his Barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late opprest,
And Scotish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse and more:
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy-standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes;
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their Chief's command
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scotish youths
Advance before the rest;
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd:

'Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helm,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.'

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
And spur'd his eager steed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely 'mid opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side
They hem Sir Bertram round:
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well nigh won the field;
When ponderous fell a Scotish axe,
And clave his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twain;
That beauteous helm, his Lady's gift!
—— His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the' unequal fight;
'And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.'

Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out shield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a Lady wept her Lord
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wondrous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields
And weltering in his gore
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair Castle bore.

'Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love;'
Her father kindly said;
'And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.'

A message went, no daughter came,
Fair Isabel ne'er appears;
'Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

'Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.'

Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
He bless'd the soothing sound;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

Note. Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the East of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

PART III.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen;
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the Castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright:
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear:
'What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?'

''Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy Lady fair.'

'Now out, alas! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.'

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
And oft he deeply sigh'd;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

'Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee;
And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
Long since thou wouldst her see.

'For when she heard thy grievous chance
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All through my folly and pride!

'And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.

'Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way.'

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
'Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
Till I thy Lady find.'

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad-boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

'Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scotish hills to range;
Do thou go North, and I'll go West;
And all our dress we'll change.

'Some Scotish carle hath seiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she is restor'd again.'

The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scotish hills to range;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town;
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sate under a thorn
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

'All minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee;
But thou art sad and woe-begone!
I marvel whence it be!'

'Father, I serve an aged Lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is stol'n away,
And fain I would her find.

'Cheer up, my son; perchance (he said)
Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

'Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen
There stands a Castle fair and strong,
Far from the' abode of men.

'As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Me-thought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

'And when I ask'd, what harm had hap'd,
What Lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.'

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

'Sir Porter, is thy Lord at home
To hear a minstrel's song?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?'

'My Lord, he said, is not at home
To hear a minstrel's song:
And should I lend thee lodging here
My life would not be long.'

He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish Porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

'Minstrel, (he said,) thou play'st so sweet
Fair entrance thou should'st win;
But, alas, I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

'Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.'

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew;
He saw his Lady through the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
'Till near the morning tide;
When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the Castle hied.

When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall:
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still;
And soon he saw them cross the stream
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly,
But what can 'scape the lover's ken?
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

'Thanks, gentle youth,' she often said;
'My thanks thou well hast won:
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd!
For me what dangers run!

'And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay:'—
Sir Bertram could no further hear,
But cried, Vile traitor, stay!

'Vile traitor! yield that Lady up!'—
And quick his sword he drew,
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow:
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

'Die, traitor, die!'—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword.

'O stop,' she cried, 'O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!'—
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept:
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cry'd, 'Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stab'd her breast.'

'Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate!' they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

'O blind and jealous rage,' he cried,
'What evils from thee flow?'
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd:
He wept, and they were woe.

'Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my Lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

'In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

'My brother, alas! spake never more,
His precious life was flown.
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.'

'Bertram, she said, be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be!

'Bertram, she said, I still was true;
Thou only hadst my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.

'For thee, I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo! near Chiviot's fatal hills
I met a Scotish chief,

'Lord Malcom's son, whose proffer'd love,
I had refus'd with scorn;
He slew my guards and seiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn:

'And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin'd;
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd
To win me to his mind.

'Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear!
When wandering in this northern garb
Thy brother found me here.

'He quickly form'd this brave design
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

'Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide,
And sometime fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride!'

'Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

'In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay:
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay:

'And rising up in furious haste
I seiz'd the bloody brand:*
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

'A crowd, that from the Castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward;
And seizing me to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

'It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en:
Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,
And strove to soothe my pain.

'And soon those honoured dear remains
To England were convey'd;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

'For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And oft to end it sought;
Till time, and thought, and holy men
Had better counsels taught.

'They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

---

* i. e. Sword.

'No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care;
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

'The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild:

'My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here a lonely anchorite
I came to end my days.

'This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove;
For oft beside this murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

'My noble friend approv'd my choice;
This blest retreat he gave:
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

'Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

'And thou, dear brother of my heart!
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue!

'Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The Percy and his noble son
Would grace my lowly cot.

'Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

'But length of life is length of woe!
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike son,*
Their friends and followers all.

'But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.'

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
They ask the good old sire;
And guided by his sage advice
To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her† nephew's throne
The royal grace implor'd:
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restor'd.

---

* Hotspur.

† King Henry V. A. D. 1414.

The youthful Earl still more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame:
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

END OF THE BALLAD.

Note. THE account given in the foregoing Ballad of young Percy, the son of Hotspur, receives the following confirmation from the old Chronicle of Whitby.

'Henry Percy, the son of Sir Henry Percy, that 'was slayne at Shrewesbery, and of Elizabeth, the 'daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death of 'his father and grauntsyre, was exiled into Scotland* 'in the time of King Henry the Fourth: but in the 'time of King Henry the Fifth, by the labour of 'Johanne the Countes of Westmerland, (whose 'daughter Alianor he *had wedded in coming into 'England,*) he recovered the King's grace, and the 'countye of Northumberland, so was the second Erle 'of Northumberland.

'And of this Alianor his wife, he begate IX Sonnes, 'and III Daughters, whose names be Johanne, that 'is buried at Whytbye: Thomas, Lord Egremont:

* i. e. remained an exile in Scotland during the reign of King Henry IV. *In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti.* Lat. MS. penes. Duc. North.

'Katheryne Gray of Rythyn: Sir Raffe Percy: 'William Percy, a Byshopp: Richard Percy: John, 'that dyed *without issue:* [another John, called by 'Vincent,* 'Johannes Percy senior de Warkworth:'] 'George Percy, Clerk: Henry, that dyed *without* '*issue:* Anne ———,' [besides the eldest son and successor here omitted, because he comes in below, viz.]

'Henry Percy, the third Erle of Northumberland.'

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) *in the British Museum.*

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* See his Great Baronag. No. 20, in the Herald's office.

Richard Plantagenet.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

BY THOMAS HULL.

——— Si celeres quatit
Pennas resigno quæ debit, & mea
Virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine Dote quæro.

HOR. CARM.

DEDICATION.

THE following Legend having been read to a small circle of select friends, one Lady, with great eagerness of manner, asked the Editor, to whom he intended to dedicate it? He replied, with truth, that he had not yet determined. 'To whom,' added she, 'can you so properly address it, as to '*Him*, whose image cleaves to us during the recital; '*Him*, to whom we owe a livelier idea of Richard 'the *Third*, than either historian or painter ever gave; '*Him*, whose judgment and powers of execution 'keep pace with the fine imagination of that *Poet*, 'whom *He delighteth to Honour?*' These were nearly her exact words, and the Editor pleads them in excuse for the liberty he now takes of dedicating this Poem, with great respect and esteem, to

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

THE following Poem fell into the Editor's hands by a peculiar means, which he is not at present permitted to reveal. He hopes the singularity of the story, and the moral tendency, which so obviously and strongly inculcates the duty of a patient submission to the destinations of Providence, in all vicissitudes and afflictions of life, will justify his giving it to the world. He judged it too curious to be utterly lost; and his desire to preserve it, induced him to collect, and scatter in notes throughout the work, such curious particulars as (in his judgment) prove the actual existence of such a person as Richard Plantagenet, and the chief event of his life to have been incontestably certain.

THE work is done, the structure is complete,—
'Long may this produce of my humble toil
'Uninjur'd stand: and echo long repeat,
'Round the dear walls, Benevolence and Moyle!'*

So Richard spake, as he survey'd
The dwelling he had rais'd;
And, in the fulness of his heart,
His generous patron prais'd.

Him Moyle o'erheard, whose wandering step
Chance guided had that way;
The workman's mien he ey'd intent,
Then earnest thus did say:

---

* Sir Thomas Moyle, possessor of Eastwell-place, in the county of Kent, in the year 1546, gave Richard Plantagenet (who for many years had been his chief bricklayer) a piece of ground, and permission to build himself a house thereon. The poem opens, just when Richard is supposed to have finished this task. Eastwell-place hath since been in the possession of the Earls of Winchelsea.

'My mind, I see, misgave me not,
My doubtings now are clear,
Thou oughtest not, in poor attire,
Have dwelt a menial here.

'To drudgery, and servile toil,
Thou couldst not be decreed
By birth and blood, but thereto wrought
By hard o'er-ruling need.

'Is it not so? That crimson glow,
That flushes o'er thy cheek,
And down-cast eye, true answer give,
And thy tongue need not speak.

'Oft have I mark'd thee, when unseen
Thou thought'st thyself by all,
What time the workman from his task
The evening bell did call;

'Hast thou not shunn'd thy untaught mates,
And to some secret nook,
With drooping gait, and musing eye,
Thy lonely step betook?

'There hath not thy attention dwelt
Upon the letter'd page,
Lost, as it seem'd to all beside,
Like some sequester'd sage?

'And wouldst thou not, with eager haste,
The precious volume hide,
If sudden some intruder's eye
Thy musings had descried?

'Oft have I deem'd thou couldst explore
The Greek and Roman page,
And oft have yearn'd to view the theme,
That did thy hours engage.

' But sorrow, greedy, grudging, coy,
Esteems of mighty price
Its treasur'd cares, and to the world
The scantiest share denies;

' All as the miser's heaped hoards,
To him alone confin'd,
They serve, at once, to soothe and pain
The wretched owner's mind.

' Me had capricious fortune doom'd
Thine equal in degree,
Long, long ere now, I had desir'd
To know thine history;

' But who their worldly honours wear
With meekness chaste and due,
Decline to ask, lest the request
Should bear commandment's hue.

' Yet now thy tongue hath spoke aloud
Thy grateful piety,
No longer be thy story kept
In painful secrecy.

' Give me to know thy dawn of life;
Unfold, with simple truth,
Not to thy master, but thy friend,
The promise of thy youth.

' Now, late in life, 'tis time, I ween,
To give thy labours o'er;
Thy well-worn implements lay by
And drudge and toil no more.

' Here shalt thou find a quiet rest,
For all thy days to come,
And every comfort, that may serve
To' endear thy humble home.

'Hast thou a wish, a hope to frame,
Beyond this neat abode?
Is there a good, a higher bliss,
By me may be bestow'd?

'Is there within thy aged breast
The smallest aching void?
Give me to know thy longings all,
And see them all supply'd.

'All I entreat, in lieu, is this,
Unfold, with simple truth,
Not to thy master, but thy friend,
The promise of thy youth.'

So generous Moyle intent bespake
The long-enduring man,*
Who rais'd, at length, his drooping head,
And, sighing, thus began.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET RECITETH HIS TALE.

HARD task to any, but thyself, to tell
The story of my birth and treacherous fate,
Or paint the tumults in my breast that swell,
At recollection of my infant state!

Oft have I labour'd to forget my birth,
And check'd remembrance, when, in cruel wise,
From time's abyss she would the tale draw forth,
And place my former self before my eyes.

---

* The time of Richard's service, at *Eastwell-place*, was near sixty years.

Yet I complain not, though I feel anew
All as I speak, fell fortune's bitter spite,
Who once set affluence, grandeur, in my view,
Then churlish snatch'd them from my cheated sight.

And yet it may be—is—nay, it must be best,
Whate'er heav'n's righteous laws for man ordain;
Weak man! who lets one sigh invade his breast,
For earthly grandeur, fugitive as vain!

Perchance contentment had not been my mate,
If in exalted life my feet had trod,
Or my hands borne, in transitory state,
The victor's truncheon, or the ruler's rod.

My course, perchance, had been one dazzling glare
Of splendid pride, and I in vain had sought
The quiet comforts of this humble sphere,
Rest undisturb'd, and reason's tranquil thought.

But whither roam I? O! forgive, my kind,
My honour'd lord, this undesign'd delay,
Forgive, while in my new-awaken'd mind
A thousand vague ideas fondly play.

Enough!—they're flown—and now my tongue pre-
Thou source of every good by me possest! [pares,
To pour a tale into thy wondering ears,
Full* threescore years close-lock'd within my breast.

Oft those care-woven, long protracted years,
Some sixteen summers pass'd obscurely on,
A stranger to the world, its hopes, and fears,
My name, birth, fortunes, to myself unknown.

---

* At the time of this relation, Richard is supposed to be nigh fourscore years of age; but did not become acquainted with his own story, till he was near twenty; probably, in his sixteenth or seventeenth year.

Plac'd in a rural, soft serene retreat,
With a deep-learn'd divine I held abode,
Who sought, by pious laws and conduct meet,
The way to immortality and God.

By him instructed, I attain'd the sweet,
The precious blessings that from learning flow;
He fann'd in my young breast the genial heat,
That bids th' expanding mind with ardor glow.

He taught me with delighted eye to trace
The comely beauties of the Mantuan page,
Enraptur'd mix with Tully's polish'd grace,
Or catch the flame of Homer's martial rage.

Nor stopt he there, preceptor excellent!
Nor deem'd that wisdom lay in books alone,
But would explain what moral virtue meant,
And bid us make our neighbour's woes our own.

Heaven's genuine pity glistening in his eyes
The sweets of charity he would instil,
And teach what blessedness of comfort lies
In universal mercy and good-will.

So taught this pious man, so thought, so did,
Squaring his actions to his tenets true;
His counsel or relief to none deny'd,
A general good, like heav'n's all-cheering dew!

Thus guided, thus inform'd, thus practice-drawn,
In guileless peace my spring of life was spent,
My leisure hours I sported o'er the lawn,
Nor knew what restless care or sorrow meant.

A courteous stranger, ever and anon,
My kind instructor's due reward supply'd;
But still my name, my birth, alike unknown,
Wrapt in the gloom of secrecy lay hid.

One autumn-morn (the time I will recal)
That stranger drew me from my soft retreat,
And led my footsteps to a lofty hall,
Where state and splendor seem'd to hold their seat.

Through a long range of spacious gilded rooms
Dubious I pass'd, admiring as I went,
On the rich woven labours of the looms,
The sculptur'd arch, or painted roof intent.

My guide, at length, withdrew; wrapt in suspense
And fear I stood, yet knew not what I fear'd;
When straight to my appal'd, astounded sense
A man of noble port and mien appear'd.

His form commanded, and his visage aw'd,
My spirit sunk as he advanced nigh,
With stately step along the floor he trod,
Fix'd on my face his penetrating eye.

The dancing plumage o'er his front wav'd high,
Thick-studded ribs of gold adorn'd his vest,
In splendid folds his purple robe did fly,
And royal emblems glittered on his breast.

I sought to bend me, but my limbs refus'd
Their wonted office, motionless and chill;
Yet somewhat, as the figure I perus'd,
A dubious joy did in my mind instil.

While thus I cower'd beneath his piercing eye,
He saw and strove to mitigate my fear,
Soft'ning the frown of harsh austerity
In his bold brow, which nature grafted there.

With speeches kind he cheer'd my sinking heart,
Question'd me much, and stroak'd my drooping head;
Yet his whole mind he seem'd not to impart,
His looks implied more than his speeches said.

A 'broider'd purse, which weighty seem'd with gold,
He gave me then, and kindly press'd my hand;
And thus awhile did stay me in his hold,
And on my face did meditating stand.

His soul work'd hugely, and his bosom swell'd,
As though some mighty thing he yearn'd to say;
But (with indignant pride the thought repell'd)
He started, frown'd, and snatch'd himself away.

My guide return'd, and reconducted me
Tow'rd the abode of my preceptor kind;
A man he seem'd of carriage mild and free,
To whom I thought I might unload my mind.

Without reserve I told him all that pass'd,
Striving, by mine, his confidence to gain;
Then my inquiries frank before him cast,
Hoping some knowledge of myself t' attain.

I ask'd what wonderous cause, yet undescry'd,
Urg'd him his time and zeal for me t' employ,
And why that man of dignity and pride
Had deign'd his notice to a stranger-boy?

Confus'd, yet undispleas'd my guide appear'd,
Nought he divulg'd (tho' much he seem'd to know)
Save this, which he with earnest look aver'd,
'No obligation, youth, to me you owe;

'I do but what my place and duty bid,
With me no kindred drops of blood you share,
Yet (hard to tell!) your birth must still be hid;
Inquire no farther—Honour bids, forbear.'

Thus he reprov'd, yet did it with a look,
As though he pitied my sensations keen;
Patient I bow'd me to his mild rebuke,
And pledg'd obedience with submissive mien.

He left me at my tutor's soft abode,
And parting bless'd me by the *holy Cross* ;
My heart wax'd sad, as he retrac'd the road,
And seem'd to have sustain'd some mighty loss.

But soon tumultuous thoughts 'gan to give way,
Lull'd by the voice of my preceptor sage;
Unquiet bosoms he could well allay,
His looks could soften, and his words assuage.

Unruly care from him was far remov'd,
Grief's wildest murmurs at his breath would cease;
O! in his blameless life how well he prov'd
The house of goodness is the house of peace!

Here I again enjoyed my sweet repose,
And taught my heart, with pious wisdom fill'd,
No more with anxious throb to seek disclose
What stubborn fate had doom'd to lie conceal'd.

But long these fond delusions did not last,
Some sterner pow'r my rising life controll'd,
My visionary hopes too swiftly past,
And left my prospects dreary, dark, and cold.

When rugged March o'er-rules the growing year,
Have we not seen the morn, with treacherous ray
Shine out awhile, then instant disappear
And leave to damp and gloom the future day?

So dawn'd my fate, and so deceiv'd my heart,
Nor wean'd me from my hopes, but cruel tore;
In one unlook'd-for moment, bade me part
From all my comforts, to return no more.

My guide once more arrived, though, as of late;
Of soft deportment he appear'd not now,
But wild impatience fluttered in his gait,
And care and thought seem'd busy on his brow.

'Rise, youth,' he said, 'and mount this rapid steed'—
I argued not; his bidding strait was done;
Proud-crested was the beast, of warlike breed,
Arm'd, at all points, with rich caparison.

We commun'd not—such heat was in our speed,
Scanty would it allow me pow'r of thought,
Till eve, deep-painted with a burning red,
To * Bosworth Field our panting coursers brought.

Who hath not heard of Bosworth's fatal plain,
Where base adventurers did in compact join
'Gainst chiefs of prowess high, and noble strain,
And lower'd the crest of York's imperial line?

Now verging on that memorable ground,
Our course we stay'd—yet we alighted not;
Fill'd with astonishment I gaz'd around,
While in my glowing breast my heart grew hot.

Thick-station'd tents, extended wide and far,
To th' utmost stretch of sight I could behold,
And banners fluttering in the whistling air,
And archers trimly dight, and prancers bold.

The sinking sun with richly-burnish'd glow,
Now to his western chamber made retire,
While pointed spears, quick-shifting to and fro,
Seem'd all as spiral flames of hottest fire.

Promiscuous voices fill'd the floating gale,
The welkin echoed with the steed's proud neigh:
The bands oft turn'd and eyed the western vale,
Watching the closure of departing day.

Light vanish'd now apace, and twilight grey
With speed unusual mantled all the ground,
The chieftains to their tents had ta'en their way,
And centinels thick-posted watch'd around.

---

* Bosworth, in Leicestershire.

As sable night advanced more and more,
The mingled voices lessen'd by degrees,
Sounding at length, as, round some craggy shore,
Decreasing murmurs of the ebbing seas.

Now tow'rd the tents awhile we journey'd on
With wary pace, then lighted on the ground,
Befriended by the stars, that shimmering shone,
And fires that cast a trembling gleam around.

With hasty foot we press'd the dewy sod,
Fit answer making to each station'd guard;
When full before us, as we onward trod,
A martial form our further progress barr'd.

He seem'd as though he there did list'ning stand,
His face deep-muffled in his folded cloak;
Now threw it wide, snatch'd quick my dubious hand
And to a neighbouring tent his speed betook.

With glowing crimson the pavilion shone,
Reflected by the lofty taper's ray,
The polish'd armour, bright and deft to don,
Beside the royal couch in order lay.

The crown imperial glitter'd in mine eye,
With various gems magnificently grac'd,
Nigh which, as meant to guard its dignity,
A weighty curtelax unsheath'd was plac'd.

The chief unbonnetted and drew me nigh,
Wrapt in a deepen'd gloom his face appear'd,
Like the dark low'rings of the cloudy sky,
Ere the big-bursting tempest's voice is heard.

Revenge, impatience, all that mads the soul,
All that despair and frenzy's flame inspires,
Shewn by the tapers, in his eyes did roll,
Hot meteors they amid the lesser fires.

Through each dark line I could not truly scan;
Yet through the veil of his distemper'd mien
Broke forth a likeness of that lofty man,
Whom, whilom, at the palace I had seen.

To quell his feelings huge he sternly try'd,
Strong combat holding with his fighting soul,
Cresting himself with more than earthly pride,
As though from pow'r supreme he scorn'd control.

At length (in part subdu'd his troubled breast)
On my impatient ear these accents broke,
(I pale and trembling as the attentive priest,
Who waits the inspirings of his mystic oak!)

'Wonder no more why thou art hither brought,
The secret of thy birth shall now be shewn;
With glorious ardour be thy bosom fraught,
For know, thou art imperial Richard's * son.

'Thy father I, who fold thee in my arms,
Thou royal issue of Plantagenet!†
Soon as my power hath quell'd these loud alarms
Thou shalt be known, be honour'd, and be great.

'Rise from the ground, and dry thy flowing tears,
To nature's dues be other hours assign'd!
Beset with foes, solicitude and cares,
Far other thoughts must now possess the mind.

---

* Richard the Third.

† It may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to some of our readers, if we subjoin the etymology of this name, which has been borne by several of our English kings. George Buck, Esq. compiler of the life of Richard the Third, in Kennett's History of England, says it rather should be called, Plantagenest, being derived from the two words, *Planta Genesta*, or *Genista*, that is, the plant *Broom*. It was first given to Fulke, Earl of Anjou, who lived a hundred years before the

'To-morrow, * boy, I combat for my crown,
To shield from soil my dignity and fame:
Presumptuous Richmond † seeks to win renown
And on my ruin raise his upstart name:

'He leads yon shallow renegado band,
Strangers to war and hazardous emprize,
And 'gainst the mighty chieftains of the land,
Vain and unskill'd, a desperate conflict tries.

'Yet since assurance is not given to man,
Nor can e'en kings command th' event of war,
Since peevish chance can foil the subtlest plan
Of human skill, and hurl our schemes in air,

'To morrow's sun beholds me conqueror,
Or sees me low among the slaughter'd lie;
Richard shall never grace a victor's car,
But glorious win the field, or glorious die.

Norman conquest. He having been guilty of some enormous crimes, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land, and submit to a severe castigation. He readily acquiesced, dressed himself in a low attire, and, as a mark of humility, wore a piece of *Broom* in his cap, of which virtue this plant is a symbol, in the hieroglyphic language; and Virgil seems to confirm it, by calling it *humilis Genista, the humble Broom.* This expiation finished, Fulke, in remembrance of it, adopted the title of Plantagenet, and lived many years in honour and happiness. His descendants accordingly inherited the name, and many successive nobles of the line of Anjou not only did the same, but even distinguished themselves by wearing a sprig of *Broom* in their bonnets.

* This decisive battle, which terminated the contentions between the houses of Lancaster and York, was fought on Monday, August 14, 1485. This interview, consequently, was on the preceding Sabbath-night.

† Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

'But thou, my son, heed and obey my word;
Seek not to mingle in the wild affray:
Far from the winged shaft and gleaming sword,
Patient await the issue of the day.

'North * of our camp there stands a rising mound,
(Thy guide awaits to lead thee on the way)
Thence shalt thou rule the prospect wide around
And view each chance, each movement of the fray.

'If righteous fate to me the conquest yield,
Then shall thy noble birth to all be known;
Then boldly seek the centre of the field,
And midst my laurell'd bands my son I'll own:

'But if blind chance, that seld' determines right,
Rob me at once of empire and renown,
Be sure thy father's eyes are clos'd in night,
Life were disgrace when chance had reft my crown.

'No means are left thee then, but instant flight,
In dark concealment must thou veil thy head;
On Richard's friends their fellest rage and spite
His foes will wreak, and fear ev'n Richard dead.

'Begone, my son! this one embrace! away!
Some short reflections claims this awful night:
Ere from the East peep forth the glimm'ring day
My knights attend to arm me for the fight.'

---

* The encampment and action were three miles distant from the town of Bosworth, and the place obtained the name of Bosworth Field, from that memorable battle. Camden, in his account of Leicestershire, says, 'The exact place is 'frequently more and more discovered by pieces of armour, 'weapons, and other warlike accoutrements, digged up; and 'especially a great many arrow-heads were found there, of a 'long, large and big proportion, far greater than any now 'in use.'

Once more I knelt, he clasp'd my lifted hands,
Bless'd me, and seem'd to check a struggling tear;
Then led me forth to follow his commands,
O'erwhelm'd with tenderest grief, suspense and fear.

What need of more? who knows not the event
Of that dread day, that * desperate-foughten field,
Where, with his wondrous deeds and prowess spent,
By numbers overpower'd, my Sire was kill'd?

A son no more, what course was left to tread,
To whom apply, or whither should I wend?
Back to my tutor's roof, by instinct led,
My orphan footsteps did I pensive bend.

O'er-ruling fate against my wishes wrought;
That pious man, snatch'd from this frail abode,
Had found the blessing he so long had sought,
The way to immortality and God.

With flowing eyes I left the sacred door,
And with relying heart to heav'n did bend;
To God my supplication did I pour,
To God, the mourner's best and surest friend;

That he would guide me to some safe retreat,
Where daily toil my daily bread might earn,
Where pious peace might soothe ambition's heat,
And my taught heart sublimer ardor learn.

He heard me—All I ask'd, in thee was lent,
Thou lib'ral proxy of my gracious God!
Thou paid'st my industry with rich content,
And giv'st my weary age this soft abode.†

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* The whole continuance of this action is said to have been but two hours, during which, the king's personal bravery was astonishingly great.

† Richard Plantagenet died in December, 1550, (the fourth

The work is done, the structure is comple e——
Long may the produce of my humble toil
Uninjur'd stand! and echo long repeat,
Round the dear walls, Benevolence and Moyle!

---

year of Edward the Sixth's reign) aged 81. Consequently he enjoyed his little comfortable retreat barely four years.

The following is still to be found in the old register of the parish of Eastwell.

'Richard Plantagenet was buryed the 22d Daye of Decem-'ber, 1550.'

This last piece of intelligence was transmitted to the Editor by a very sensible and worthy clergyman now living, who kindly went from Wye to Eastwell, to collect as many circumstances as he could, to confirm the authenticity of this singular story. To the transcript of the register he subjoined as follows:

'It is observable that in the old register there is prefixed 'to the name of every person of noble blood such a mark as 'this, ⌣ . At the name of Richard Plantagenet there is 'the same mark, (and it is the first that is so distinguished) 'only with this difference, that there is a line run across it 'thus, ⌣|- .

'There is still remaining in Eastwell-park the ruin of a 'building, which, they say, was his house; and a well near 'it, which is to this day, called Plantagenet's well.

'There is also a tomb in the wall of Eastwell Church, 'under which he is said to be buried, but it appears to me of 'much older date.'

The Editor of this poem holds it incumbent on him to return his most grateful thanks to the gentleman who sent him these curious particulars, for the trouble he took, and the politeness of his letter; the whole of which he should be proud to make public, together with the name, could he presume such a liberty to be warrantable.

The Editor conjectures the line which is mentioned to run across the mark of nobility, to be what is stiled in heraldry, *the bar of bastardy.*

The Baffled Knight;

OR,

LADY'S POLICY.

In Mr. Ritson's Collection of Ancient Songs, the following Tale is entitled, 'The Over-courteous Knight.' There have been several editions of the Poem, under various titles, all of which have been carefully collated by the present learned and venerable Bishop of Dromore, from whose 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' it is here reprinted.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, Sir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, Sir.

'Shall you and I, O Lady fair!
Among the grass lie down-a?
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gown-a?'

'Upon the grass there is a dew
Will spoil my damask gown, Sir;
My gown and kirtle * they are new,
And cost me many a crown, Sir.'

---

* Petticoat.

'I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throw it;
Then, Lady fair! come, lay thy head?—
We'll play, and none shall know it?'

'Oh, yonder stands my steed so free,
Among the cocks of hay, Sir;
And if the Pinner should chance to see,
He'll take my steed away, Sir.'

'Upon my finger I have a ring,
Its made of finest gold-a,
And, Lady, it thy steed shall bring
Out of the Pinner's fold-a.'

'O go with me, to my father's hall—
Fair chambers there are three, Sir;
And you shall have the best of all,
And I'll your chamberlain be, Sir.'

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple grey, Sir;
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Fast pricking on the way, Sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait,
'Twas moated round about-a:
She slipp'd herself within the gate,
And lock'd the Knight without-a!—

'Here is a silver-penny to spend,
And take it for your pains, Sir;
And two of my father's men I'll send,
To wait on you back again, Sir?'

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And wiped it upon his sleeve-a,
And 'Cursed,' he said, 'be every man
That will a maid believe-a!'

* * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Knight was riding another day,
With cloak, and hat, and feather,
And he met again with that Lady gay,
Who was angling in the river.

'Now, Lady fair! I've met with you,
You shall no more escape me:
Remember how, not long ago,
You falsely did entrap me.'

The Lady blushed scarlet red,
And trembled at the stranger;
Her virtue most her cause of dread,
From this approaching danger.

He from his saddle down did light,
In all his rich attire,
And cried, 'As I am a noble Knight,
'I do thy charms admire?'

He took the Lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented,
And would no more disputing stand:
She had her plot invented.—

'Look yonder, good Sir Knight, I pray;
Methinks I now discover,
A-riding upon his dapple grey,
My former constant lover.'

On tiptoe, peering, stood the Knight,
Fast by the river's brink-a;
The Lady push'd with all her might!—
'Sir Knight, now swim or sink-a!'

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom fairly sounded,
Then, rising up, he cried amain
'Help! help! or else I'm drowned!'

'Now fare you well, Sir Kight, adieu!
You see what comes of fooling:
That is the fittest place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling!'

Ere many days, in her father's park,
Just at the close of eve'-a,
Again she met with her angry spark;
Which made this Lady grieve-a.

'False Lady! here thou'rt in my pow'r,
And no one now can hear thee:
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me!'

'Pray, Sir Knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a;
I vow and swear I thought no harm;
'Twas a gentle jest I play'd-a.'

'A gentle jest, in sooth!' he cried,
'To tumble me in and leave me:
What if I had in the river died?—
That fetch will not deceive me!

'Once more I'll pardon thee, this day,
Though injur'd out of measure;
But then prepare without delay,
To yield thee to my pleasure!'

'Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, Sir?
Let me pull off both spur and boot,
Or else you cannot stir, Sir.'

He sat him down upon the grass,
And begg'd her kind assistance;
Now smiling, (thought this lovely lass)
I'll make you keep your distance:

Then, pulling off his boots half-way,
'Sir Knight, now I'm your betters,
You shall not make of me your prey—
Sit there, like a knave in fetters!'

The Knight, when she had served him so,
He fretted, fum'd and grumbled;
For he could neither stand or go,
But, like a cripple, tumbled.

'Farewel, Sir Knight! the clock strikes ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, Sir;
I'll send you my father's serving men,
To pull off your boots and spurs, Sir:

'This merry jest you must excuse;
You are but a stingless nettle:
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.'

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a;
Next morning a shepherd pass'd that way,
Who set him right again-a.

Then, mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a—
'I'll ride again to her father's hall;
She shall escape no more-a:

'I'll take her father by the beard!
I'll challenge all her kindred!
Each dastard soul shall stand affear'd,
My wrath shall no more be hind'red!'

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated:
The Lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought she (Sir Knight, to quench your rage
Once more I will endeavour)
This water shall your ire assuage,
Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then, feigning penitence and fear,
She did invite a parley:
'Sir Knight! if you'll forgive me here,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

'My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, Sir;
Therefore across the water come,
And I am all your own, Sir.'

'False maid! thou can'st no more deceive;
I scorn the treacherous bait-a:
If thou would'st have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.'

'The bridge is down, the gate is barr'd,
My father he has the keys, Sir;
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way, and easier.

'Over the moat I've laid a plank,
Full seventeen feet in measure:
Then, step across to the other bank,
And there we'll take our pleasure.

These words she had no sooner spoke
But straight he came tripping over;
The plank was saw'd; it, snapping, broke,
And sous'd the unhappy lover!

Battle of Flodden Field.

It seems uncertain to whose genius the world is indebted for this pleasing production, which, by the majority of poetical commentators, has been ascribed to one Thomas Deloney, who (1596) was committed to the Compter, by the then Mayor of London, for ridiculing the Government in his compositions.

The battle of Flodden, Northumberland, was fought on September the 9th, 1513, in the fifth year of the reign of Henry VIII. between Thomas Howard Earl of Surry, and James IV. King of Scotland, whose army, amounting to 15,000 men, was entirely defeated, and himself left dead upon the field. "In disgrace of the Scots," says Deloney, "and in remembrance of the famous achieved Victory, the Commons of England made this Song."

KING JAMES he hath made a vow,
(Keep it well, if he may)
That he will be at lovely London
Upon Saint James his day.—

'Upon Saint James his day, at noon,
At fair London will I be;
And all the Lords in merry Scotland,
They shall dine there with me!'

Then bespoke good Queen Margaret,
(The tears fell from her eye!)
'Leave off these wars, most noble King,
Keep your fidelity:

'The water runs swift and wond'rous deep,
From bottom unto the brim;
My brother Henry hath men good enough,
England is hard to win!'

'Away,' quoth he, 'with this silly fool!
In prison fast let her lie;
For she is come of the English blood,
And for these words she shall die.'

That day made many a fatherless child,
And many a widow poor;
And many a Scottish gay Lady
Sat weeping in her bow'r.

With this bespoke Lord Thomas Howard,
The Queen's Chamberlain that day,
'If that you put Queen Margaret to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway!'

Then, in a rage, King James he did say,
'Away with this foolish mome:
He shall be hang'd, and the other burn'd,
So soon as I come home.'

At Flodden-field the Scots came in,
Which made our Englishmen fain;
At Bramstone-green this battle was seen,
And there was King James slain!

Then presently the Scots did fly,
Their cannon they left behind,
Their ensigns gay were all worn away;
Our soldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain—twelve thousand were slain,
That to the fight did stand;
And many a prisoner, took that day,
The best in all Scotland.

The

Fair Flower of Northumberland.

IT was a Knight in Scotland born,
  Follow my love, come over the strand—
Was taken prisoner and left forlorn,
  Even by the good Earl of Northumberland!

Then was he cast in prison strong,
  Follow my love, &c.
Where he could not walk, nor lay along;
  Even by the good Earl of Northumberland!

And, as in sorrow thus he lay,
  Follow my love, &c.
The Earl's sweet daughter walks that way,
  And she is the Fair Flower of Northumberland.

And passing by, like an angel bright,
  Follow my love, &c.
The prisoner had of her a sight;
  And she, &c.

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,
  ' Follow, my love! come over the strand,'—
The salt tears standing in his eye,
  And she the Fair Flower of Northumberland!

' Fair Lady,' he said, ' take pity on me,
  Follow my love, and come over the strand,
And let me not in prison die,
  And you the Fair Flower of Northumberland!'

'Fair Sir, how should I take pity on thee,
Follow my love, &c.
Thou being a foe to our country,
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland?'

'Fair Lady! I am no foe,' he said,
Follow my love, come over the strand?
Through thy sweet love here was I stay'd,
For thee—Fair Flower of Northumberland!'

'Why shouldst thou come here for love of me,
Follow my love, &c.
Having wife and children in thy country,
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland?'

'I swear by the blessed Trinity—
Follow my love, &c.
I have no wife nor children, I;
Nor dwelling at home in merry Scotland!

'If courteously thou wilt set me free,
Follow my love, &c.
I vow that I will marry thee,
So soon as I come in fair Scotland:

'Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers—
Follow my love, &c.
And sit like a queen in princely bowers,
When I at home in fair Scotland.'

Then parted hence this Lady gay,
Follow my love, &c.
And got her father's ring away,
To help this Knight into fair Scotland:

Likewise much gold she got by sleight,
Follow my love, &c.
And all to help this forlorn Knight
To wend from her father to fair Scotland.

Two gallant steeds, both good and able,
Follow my love, &c.
She likewise took out of the stable,
To ride with the Knight into fair Scotland.

And to the jailor she sent the ring,
Follow my love, &c.
Who the Knight from prison forth did bring,
To wend with her into fair Scotland.

This token set the prisoner free,
Follow my love, &c.
Who straight went to this fair Lady,
To wend with her into fair Scotland.

A gallant steed he did bestride,
Follow my love, &c.
And with the Lady away did ride,
And she the Fair Flower of Northumberland!

They rode till they came to a water clear,
Follow my love, &c.
'Good Sir! how should I follow *you* here,
And *I* the Fair Flower of Northumberland?—

'The water is rough, and wonderful deep,
Follow my love, &c.
And on my saddle I shall not keep;
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland!'

'Fear not the ford, fair Lady!' quoth he,
Follow my love, &c.
For long *I* cannot stay for thee,
And *thou* the Fair Flower of Northumberland.

The Lady prickt her gallant steed,
Follow my love, &c.
And over the river swam with speed;
And she the Fair Flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was she:
'Follow, my love! come over the strand?'
This have I done for love of thee,
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland?'

Thus rode she all one winter's night,
Follow my love, &c.
Till Edinborough they saw in sight,
The fairest town in all Scotland.

'Now choose,' quoth he, 'thou wanton Flower!
(Follow my love, come over the strand)
If thou wilt be my paramour,
Or get thee home to Northumberland!—

'For I have a wife and children five,
Follow my love, &c.
In Edinborough they be alive;
Then get thee home to fair England!

'This favour thou shalt have, to boot,
Follow my love, &c.
I'll have thy horse; go thou on foot,
Go! get thee home to Northumberland.'

'O false and faithless Knight!' quoth she,
('Follow my love, come over the strand')
And canst thou deal so bad with me?—
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland?

'Dishonour not a Lady's name,
Follow my love, &c.
But draw thy sword, and end my shame!
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland.'

He took her from her stately steed,
Follow my love, &c.
And left her there in extreme need,
And she—the Fair Flower of Northumberland!

Then sat she down full heavily,
Follow my love, &c.
At length, two Knights came riding by,
Two gallant Knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow my love, &c.
Saying, 'Courteous Knights, take pity on me!—
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland!

'I have offended my father dear,
Follow my love, &c.
And by a false Knight, that brought me here
From the good Earl of Northumberland.'

They took her up behind them then,
Follow my love, &c.
And brought her to her father again;
And he the good Earl of Northumberland.

All you, fair Maidens! be warned by me,
('Follow my love, come over the strand?')
Scots never were true, nor ever will be,
To Lord, nor Lady, nor fair England.

The Young Hercules.

From the Idylliums of Theocritus.

SOON as Alcmena bade her pleasing care,
Wash'd, and with milk well fed, for rest prepare;
Alcides, who ten months had seen the light,
And Iphiclus, just younger by a night;
She gently laid them on the brazen shield
(Which great Amphitryon in the tented field
From Pterilas had won) on either head
Plac'd her fair hands, and fondly-smiling said,
' Sleep—sleep secure, my boys, the night away;
Sweet be your easy rest, 'till dawning day.'
She spoke: and straight their heavy eyelids yield
To slumber, as she rocks the cradling shield.
But when descending Ursa mark'd the skies,
Where the red rays of broad Orion rise,
Veil'd by the shades of midnight, Juno sent
(Her vengeful soul unknowing to relent)
Two serpents, with commission to destroy
The infant Hercules, Jove's vigorous boy!
Terrific through the portal's valves they came,
Their eye-balls shooting a pernicious flame!
Bristled their azure scales o'er many a fold,
Then prone to earth their blood-swoln bellies roll'd!
And, as along the marble floor they flew,
Fell poison from their jaws the monsters threw.
Now hissing o'er the shield the serpents hung,
Each brandishing in rage his forked tongue!
When straight (for Jove sees all) the babes awoke,
And through the room a steady splendour broke!
As their dire fangs caught Iphiclus's eye,
The child to pity rais'd a short shrill cry;

Quick from his little limbs the covering cast,
And sought to fly—with shivering fear aghast.
But young Alcides stretch'd (nor stretch'd in vain)
His arms, to clasp them in a deadly chain.
With eager hands their swelling throats he seiz'd,
And venom, hateful to the' immortals, squeez'd
From their black jaws! convuls'd, they writh'd each spire
Around the babe, who felt the hero's fire!
Who, yet unwean'd, ne'er shudder'd with alarms,
Or cried, or blubber'd, in his nurse's arms!
Their curls relax'd in many a livid stripe;
At length they yielded to an infant's gripe.
Starting, Alcmena first o'erheard the cries—
'Arise! Amphitryon! much I fear! arise!
Wait—wait not for your sandals! much I fear!
Our younger son poor Iphiclus I hear.
And see what light o'er all the chamber falls!
Though not yet morn, how visible the walls!
Some strange event!'—she said—and at her word
Amphitryon rose, and instant snatch'd his sword
That, by a peg suspended o'er his head,
Adorn'd, a high-wrought work, the cedar-bed;
Then drawing from its lotewood-sheath the blade,
(While the wide room grew dark in sudden shade)
He call'd his train that, hush'd in slumber's deep,
Lay snoring out the heaviness of sleep:
'Haste—haste, my servants! instant flambeaux bear
Hither—unbolt the gates—and quick repair!'
Straight at his voice the rous'd attendants came,
Each waving in his hand the torch's flame:
And, when they saw the young Alcides clasp
Two fiery serpents with his eager grasp,
In wild amaze they shudder'd! but the boy
Leap'd in an extasy of childish joy;
And with a laugh, his triumph to complete,
Flung the dead monsters at his father's feet.
Her Iphiclus, all trembling, to her breast
Alcmena caught, and lull'd the babe to rest:

O'er the young hero while Amphitryon throws
The lambkin's softest fleece; then seeks repose.
The crested cock, as gleam'd the orient sky,
Had thrice proclaim'd the day-spring from on high;
When fair Alcmena call'd the hoary seer
Who ever gains with truth the wondering ear;
The' unusual fortune of the night run o'er,
And bade him say, what heaven reserv'd in store.
' Nor aught (Alcmena cries) through fear conceal,
If woes await us, let thy tongue reveal!
For vain, thy wisdom knows, is mortal care!
Each ill that heaven predestines, man must bear.'
She spoke: the queen Tiresias thus address'd:
' Hail, parent, with a godlike offspring bless'd!
Fear not, O thou, whom regal splendours grace!
Fear not, O thou, of Perseus' royal race!
By the dear light that long hath left these eyes—
No more to see the rosy morning rise,
The days shall come, when many a maid of Greece,
Twirling, on rapid wheel, the carded fleece,
Whilst matrons glory in thy deeds of fame,
Shall sing, 'till dusky eve, Alcmena's name.
But for thy son, in various triumphs great,
The star-effulgent heaven reserves a seat!
Old earth with wonder shall his glories fill—
Men—savage beasts obedient to his will!
Yet, ere the giant chieftain shall repose
Where Jove's pure dome in living splendor glows,
Twelve labours past, the fierce Trachinian flame
Must purge from earthly dross his mortal frame!
He shall be call'd the son-in-law of gods—
Ev'n those who from their caverns' drear abodes
Arous'd the baleful monsters of the wild,
To slay with venom'd fangs the warrior-child.
Then with the fawn the harmless wolf shall dwell,
And range, in social sports, the' embowering dell;
But, mighty princess, bid thy slaves prepare
Such copse or low-wood as the forests bear;

The rough aspalathus, or, lit with ease,
The dry acherdus tremulous in the breeze,
Or brambles creeping o'er the steril soil;
And burn yon serpents in the kindled pile—
What time, the sleeping infants to devour
They hiss'd along these rooms—the midnight hour.
Then, let a faithful maid, at dawn of day,
The' extinguish'd ashes to the flood convey;
Quick o'er her head, if favouring breezes blow,
To the rude rocks her scatter'd burden throw;
And instantly return, nor look behind
On the dire magic of the waves and wind.
Next, let pure sulphur to the rooms restore
Salubrious air; and sprinkle on the floor
Clear water from the living fountain brought,
With olives crown'd—with salt as duly fraught;
And last, on Jove the victim boar bestow;
So shall ye triumph o'er the crouching foe!'
Thus spoke Tiresias, as the god inspir'd;
And to his ivory car, low-bent with age, retir'd.
As the young plant amid the garden grows,
Beneath his mother's care, Alcides rose:
And though such honour as a child he won,
Still was he call'd Amphitryon's godlike son,
His letter'd lore Apollo's offspring taught,
Old Linus, wrinkled by laborious thought;
But Eurytus (whose thousand acres shone
By long hereditary right his own)
Bade him the praises of the bowman claim,
And fix'd the feather'd shaft's unerring aim;
While sweet Eumolpus form'd his voice to song,
And shap'd his hands the box-tree lyre along!
Each varying feint the Argive wrestlers show
In strong contortions with the gallant foe;
On listed plains the guantlet to direct,
And wield its iron vengeance with effect;
How those who act the boxer's vigorous part
Find meet occasions to display their art;

All this from fierce Harpalycus he knew—
Whom though yet distant, no man dar'd to view;
While, storming for the carnage of the fight,
On his dark brow hung death and pale affright.
Oft too Amphitryon taught the blooming boy
With fondness that bespoke a father's joy,
In the high car his generous steeds to train;
To guide their swiftness with unerring rein;
Turn short the wheels impetuous as they roll;
Nor dash the glowing axle on the goal!
From Argive plains, in youth's more vigorous day,
Full many a prize the sire had borne away:
And still unbroken stood his car sublime,
Though the worn reins had felt the worm of time.
But how to launch with all a warrior's art,
With all a warrior's force, the deathful dart;
To shun, beneath his shield's protective shade,
The furious impulse of the flashing blade;
To marshal armies dreadful in array,
Lead the fierce horse, and well-tim'd ambush lay;
Such Castor taught—what time, in Tydeus' reign,
He fled, an exile, over Argos' plain.
The Argive sceptre from Adrastus came,
Who bade the vineyard vales hail Tydeus' name.
No warrior's equal prowess could engage
The valiant Castor, ere unstrung by age.
Thus taught the paths of glory to pursue,
Beneath his mother's eye the hero grew.
Fast by his father's bed, a lion's hide
Form'd his rough couch, in all its shaggy pride.
His evening viands, large as hinds partake,
Were savoury ven'son and the Doric cake:
But sparing were his noonday meals!—array'd
In no rich vest, whose floating folds display'd
The needle's art—in plain unprincely robe
'Twas his to range the' inhospitable globe.

Chevy Chase.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befal:

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way:
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scotish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
The tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear:

And, long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay,
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scotish spears
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed;
Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speed:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter, man for man,
With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold:

Shew me, said he, whose men ye be,
That hunt so boldly here:
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer?

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy he:
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well; an Earl thou art,
Lord Percy: so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurs'd be he, Lord Percy said,
By whom this is denied.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our King, for shame,

That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:
You be two Earls, said Witherington,
And I a 'squire alone:

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand;
While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent:
A Captain, mov'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trikling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Percy, Douglas said,
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scotish King.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee:
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these:
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why? my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand:
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd;
Who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight:

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear:

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey-goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
'Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Roger Ratcliffe and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron:

And with Sir George, and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery:
Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
One foot would never fly;

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliffe too,
His sister's son was he:
Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like wise,
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scotish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news! King James did say;
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any Captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Percy's sake.

This vow full well the King perform'd,
After, on Humbledown,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With Lords of great renown:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the King and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

Hardyknute.

[A FRAGMENT.]

STATELY stept he East the way,
And stately stept he West;
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest:
He liv'd—when Briton's breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle woe;
And age his sword told, to their cost,
He was their deadly foe.

High on a hill his Castle stood,
With halls, and towers in height,
And goodly chambers, fair to see,
Where lodg'd he many a knight:
His dame, so peerless once, and fair,
For virtue, beauty deem'd,
No equal had in all the land,
Save Elenor the Queen.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout;
In bloody fight, with sword in hand,
Nine lost their lives; nor doubt.
Four yet remain:—long may they live,
To stand by liege and land!
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister soft and dear;
Her girdle shew'd her middle waist,
And golden shone her hair:
What woful woe her beauty bred!
Woful to young and old;
Woful I ween, to friends and kin,
As story ever told.

The King of Norse, in summer-tide,
Puff'd up with power and might,
He landed in fair Scotland's isle,
With many a hardy knight;
The tidings to our good Scots' King
Came, as he sat to dine,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the blood-red wine.

'To horse, to horse, my Royal liege!
Your foes stand on the strand;
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The King of Norse commands.'
'Bring me my steed, Madge, dapple grey,
(Our good King rose and cried)
A trustier beast, in all the land,
A Scots' King ne'er did stride.

'Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
Who lives on hill so high,
To draw his sword, the dread of foes,
And haste and follow by.'
The little page flew swift, as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
'Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And rid your King from harm.'

Then red red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
So did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
In danger great to do:
He's taken a horn, as green as glass,
And given five sounds so shrill,
The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
So loud rang every hill.

His sons in manly sport and glee
Had past the summer's morn,
When, lo! down in a grassy dale,
They heard their father's horn.

'That horn,' quoth they, 'ne'er sounds in peace;
We've other sport to bide!'
And soon they hied them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

'Late yester-even' I thought in peace
To end my lengthen'd life,
My age might well excuse my arm
From manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse does proudly boast
Fair Scotland to enthral,
Shall it be said of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall?—

'Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows shoot so true,
Many a comely countenance
They have turn'd to deadly hue!
Brave Thomas, take ye but your lance;
Ye need no weapons more,
If well ye fight, as ye did once,
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

'Malcom, light of foot as stag
That runs in forest field,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield.
Bring me my horse and harness fair,
My blade of metal clear!'
If foes knew but the hand it bare,
They soon had fled for fear.

'Farewell, my dame, so peerless good!
(He took her by the hand)
Fairer to me, in age you seem,
Than maids for beauty fam'd.
My youngest son shall here remain,
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
So fast your painted bowers.'

Now first she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her boddice green,
Her silken cords of twisted twist,
Well plait with silver sheen;
And apron set with many a dice
Of needle-work so rare,
Wove by no hand, as we may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden o'er moor and moss,
O'er hills, and many a glen,
When he came at length to a wounded knight
Making a heavy plain:—
'Here must I lie, here must I die,
By treacherous false guiles!
Witless I was, that e'er gave faith
To wicked woman's smiles!'

'Sir knight! if ye were in my bower
To lean on silken seat,
My Lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who ne'er knew deadly hate.
Herself would watch you all the day,
Her maids at dead of night;
And Fairly fair your heart would cheer,
As she stood in your sight.

'Arise, young knight, and mount your steed,
Full low's the shining day;
Choose from my men them whom you please,
To lead you on the way.'
With smileless look and visage wan,
The wounded knight replied,
'Kind Chieftain! your intent pursue,
For here I must abide:

'To me no after day or night
Can e'er be sweet or fair,
But soon, beneath some dropping tree,
Cold death shall end my care!'

With him no pleading might prevail;
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strong,
Strove courteously in vain.

Then he him sped far, far beyond
Lord Chattan's land so wide;
That Lord a worthy wight was aye,
When foes his courage tried;
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
When he sav'd the Pictish crown.

Now, with his bold and stately train,
He reach'd a rising height,
Where broad encamped on the dale
Norse army lay in sight:
'Yonder, my valiant sons and fierce!
Our raging foemen wait,
On the unconquer'd Scotish sword
To try with us their fate.

'Make orisons to Him that sav'd
Our souls upon the road;
Then bravely shew your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blood!'
Now, forth he drew his trusty blade;
While thousands all around,
Drawn from their sheaths, glance in the sun,
And loud the bugles sound.

To join his King, adown the hill
In haste his march he made;
While play and pipe, with minstrels meet,
Afore him stately strade.
'Thrice welcome, valiant strength of war!
Thy nation's shield and pride!
Thy King no reason has to fear,
When thou art by his side.'

Then bows were bent and darts were thrown,
For throng scarce could they fly;
The darts clave arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Long did they rage, and fight full fierce,
With little hurt to man;
But bloody, bloody was the field,
Ere that long day was done!

The King of Scots, who scarcely brook'd
A war that look'd like play,
Drew his broad sword, and brake his bow,
Since bows seem'd but delay.
Qouth noble Rothsay—' Mine I'll keep,
I wot it's bled a score!'
' Haste up, my merry men!' cried the King,
As he rode on before:

* * * * * * * * * *

Full soon he rais'd his bent body;
His bow he doubted there,
Since blows till then on him but dar'd
As touch of Fairly fair.
Norse feared too, as sore as he,
To see his stately look;
So soon as e'er he struck a foe,
So soon his life he took.

Where, like a fire, to either set
Bold Thomas did advance,
A sturdy foe, with look enrag'd
Up towards him did prance:
He spur'd his steed through thickest ranks,
The hardy youth to quell,
Who stood, unmov'd at his approach,
His fury to repel.

'That short brown shaft, so meanly trimm'd,
Looks like poor Scotland's gear;
But dreadful seems the rusty point!'—
And loud he laugh'd, in jeer.
'Oft Britons' blood has dimm'd its shine,
This point cut short their vaunt!'—
So pierc'd the boisterous bearded cheek:
No time he took to taunt.

Short while he in his saddle swung,
His stirrup was no stay,
So feeble hung his unbent knee,
Sure taken was the foe.
Swift on the harden'd clay he fell,
Right far was heard the fall;
But Thomas look'd not, as he lay
All weltering in his blood.

In throes of death, with weltering cheek,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corpse' of warriors lay,
Ne'er to arise again!
Ne'er to return to native land;
No more, with blithesome sounds,
To boast the glories of that day,
And show their shining wounds.

On Norway's coast the widow'd dame
May wash the rocks with tears,
May long look o'er the shipless seas
Before her mate appears!
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain,
Thy Lord lies in the clay!
The valiant Scots no hordes permit
To carry life away.

There on a lea, where stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands full fierce, that summer's day,
Fulfill'd war's black intent.

Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute;
Let Norse the name aye dread;
Aye how he fought! oft how he spar'd!—
To latest ages read.

Loud and chill blew the whistling wind,
Sore beat the heavy shower;
Dark grew the night, ere Hardyknute
Went near his stately tower;
His tower! that us'd, with torches bright,
To shine so far at night,
Seem'd now as black as mourning weed:
No marvel, sore he sigh'd.

'There's no light in my Lady's bower!
There's no light in my hall!
No gleam shines round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my wall.
What bodes it, Robert! Thomas! say?'—
No answer fits their dread.
'Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide!'
But by they past with speed.

'As fast I've sped o'er Scotland's foes!'—
There ceas'd his boast of war;
Asham'd to mind ought but his Dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black fear he felt!—but what to fear,
He wist not yet with dread?
Sore shook his body, sore his limbs;
And all the warrior fled!

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The Squire of Dames.

In the seventh Canto of the Legend of Chastity, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, the Squire of Dames tells Satyrane, that by order of his mistress Columbel (after having served the ladies for a year) he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred women incapable of yielding to any temptation. The bad success he met with in the course of three years, which is slightly touched upon by Spenser, is the foundation of the following poem.

PROLOGUE.

HARD is the heart that never knew to love,
Ne felt the pleasing anguish of desire.
Ye British maids, more fair than Venus' dove!
For you alone I tune my humble lyre;
Adopt me nymphs, receive me in your quire,
Make me your bard, for that is all my care:
Then shall I envy not that aged sire,
Who doth for court his annual song prepare:
I lever myrtle wreath than Kesar's laurel wear.

Think not because I write of Columbel
I thence would blast the sex with impious tale;
Transactions vile of foreign stronds I tell,
Ne 'gainst a British female would I rail
For all the wealth that rolls on Indian grail.
Here, beauty, truth, and chastity are found;
Eleonora here with visage pale,
Did suck the poison from her Edward's wound,
And Anna's nuptial faith shall stond for aye renown'd.

See the fair swans on Thamis' lovely tide,
The which do trim their pennons silver bright,
In shining ranks they down the waters ride;
Oft have mine eyes devour'd the gallant sight.
Then cast thy looks, with wonder and delight,
Where yon sweet nymphs enjoy the ev'ning air,
Some daunce along the green, like faries light,
Some flowrets cull to deck their flowing hair;
Then tell me, soothly, swain, which sight thou deem'st most fair?

To you bright stars that sparkle on our isle,
I give my life, my fortune, and my fame;
For my whole guerdon grant me but a smile:
A smile from you is all I hope or claim;
Nor age's ice my ardent zeal shall tame,
To my life's end I shall your names adore,
Not hermits' bosoms feel so pure a flame.
Warm'd by approval I more high shall soar:
Receive my humble lays, my heart was yours before.

Should you consent, I'll quit my shepherd's grey,
And don more graceful and more costly gear,
My crook and scrip I'll throw with scorn away,
And in a samite garment strait appear.
Farewell, ye groves, which once I held so dear;
Farewell, ye glens, I other joys pursue;
Then shall the world your matchless pow'r revere
And own what wonders your sweet smiles can do
That could a simple clown into a bard transmew.

CANTO I.

The Squire of Dames to Satyrane
His history doth tell,
With all the toils he underwent
To gain his Columbel.

THE Squire of Dames his tale thus 'gan to tell;
'Sith you command my tongue, Sir Satyrane,
I now will all declare that me befel,
The cause of mutchel scath and dolorous pain,
Ne shall the gentle eye from tears refrain
Me Columbel commanded far to go
'Till I should full three hundred nymphs attain,
Whose hearts should aye with Virtue's lessons glow,
And to all swains but one cry out for ever, No.

'To find the fortilage that ne'er will yield
Is not an easier matter, good Sir Knight;
Troy town they say is now a grass-grown field,
That long withstood the force of Grecian might;
And castles fall tho' deep in earth empight;
Ne aught so strong is found but what may fail,
The sun at last shall lose his glorious light,
And vows or bribes o'er women may prevail;
Their hearts are made of flesh, and mortal flesh is frail.

'With heavy heart and full of cark I go
And take my conge of my blooming maid,
I kiss'd her hond, and, louting very low,
To her behest at length myself array'd:
The fair we love expects to be obey'd,
Although she bid us with the kestrel fly;
So forth I prick, though much by doubt dismay'd,
The hard experiment resolv'd to try:
For she was wondrous fair, and much in love was I.

'A grove I reach'd, where tuneful throstles sung,
The linnet here did ope his little throat,
His twitting jests around the cuckoo flung,
And the proud goldfinch show'd his painted coat,
And hail'd us with no inharmonious note:
The robin eke here tun'd his sonnet shrill,
And told the soothing ditty all by rote,
How he with leaves his pious beak did fill,
To shroud those pretty babes, whom Sib unkind
would kill.

'And many a fair Narcissus deck'd the plain,
That seem'd anew their persons to admire;
Here Ajax told his dolors o'er again,
And amorous Clytie sicken'd with desire:
Here the blown rose her odours sweet did spire;
Through the dun groves a murm'ring river led
His crystal streams that wound in many a gyre;
The baleful willow all the banks bespread,
And ever to the breeze ycurl'd his hoary head.

'Soon to the grove there came a lovely maid,
For maiden sure she did to me appear!
In plain check-latton was the nymph array'd,
Her sparkling eyes stood full of many a tear,
And she bewept the absence of her dear.
Alas! should beauty be to woe ally'd?
Beauty, methinks, should meet with better cheer,
Content should never wander from her side;
Good luck, I pray to heav'n, the face that's fair betide.

"Ah! woe is me," she cry'd, "since Colin's fled,
Whose gentle presence did these plains adorn,
Soon was he ravish'd from the nuptial bed,
Torn from these arms, from this dear leman torn!
O grief! far sharper than the pointed thorn,
I saw him ill-bestad by martial band.
Alas the day that ever I was born!
Where roves my Colin, on what foreign strand,
Arraught from Laura's eyes, and his dear native land?

" Alas! he only knew to prune the vine,
Or through the earth to urge the biting share,
To twist the bower with fragrant eglantine,
Where free from heat we shunn'd the noontide air,
Or to the mart to lead his fleecy care.
And is it fit in hacqueton and mail
The youth for war's grim terrors should prepare!
His voice outsung the love-born nightingale,
And deftly could he daunce, or pipe along the dale.

" The goss-hawk fierce may pounce the trembling dove,
The savage wolf may tear the bounding fawn,
But sparrows mild are form'd for feats of love,
And kids dew not with blood the flowery lawn;
Then how shall he, in whom all graces dawn,
In the red field the cruel paynim kill?
For scenes like these find men of hellish spawn.
'Tis his with joy the virgin's heart to fill,
And not on foreign shore his foemen's blood to spill.

" No days of bliss my sorrows shall aslake,
For him I'll ever drop the dolorous tear.
Adieu the circled green, the buxom wake,
Since Colin's gone I taste of nought but drear.
Stretch me, ye maidens, stretch me on the bier,
And let my grave-stone these true words adorn:
' A wretched maiden lies entombed here,
Who saw a shepherd brighter than the morn,
Then pin'd her heart away, and dy'd of love forlorn.'"

Much was I grieved at her piteous plaint,
And greeted to myself, O happy Squire!
At length, though late, thou hast found out a saint,
Who, but for Colin, feels no warm desire!'
' Perdie, (quoth Satyrane,) I her admire;
No lozel loose shall here discover'd be.'
The other answer'd with his cheeks on fire,
' Now by my hallidom you soon shall see
That words may often with the heart but ill agree.

' I, nought accoy'd, came up unto the fair,
And swore to love her all my length of life;
Then offered her to gorgeous domes to bear
Where haidegives are daunc'd to harp and fife.
She soon forgot she was another's wife,
And granted with me to desert the plain,
Are such ensamples emong women rife?
If so, my Columbel I ne'er shall gain,
But hunt around the world, and find my labours vain.

' My lips I gan to royne in fell despite,
And forth I rushed from her false embrace,
Through the thick wood I wander'd day and night
Ne met I living creature face to face:
At length a rising city far I trace;
Thither in hopes my hasty steps I bend.
Perchaunce, thought I, true virtue may embrace
The country dome, and from the country wend.
Thus, where we least expect, we often find a friend.

' At e'en the town I reach'd and eke a hall,
Which waxen tapers made as light as day;
Fair jovisaunce sat on the face of all,
And to the daunce the sprightly minstrels play,
Each seem'd as sportive as the wanton jay.
The dame who own'd the house, was passing old,
And had, it seems, that morning dealt away
To her kind grandson many bags of gold,
Who took a bonnibel to haven and to hold.

' The bride was named Viola the fair,
The loaded rosiere is not half so sweet.
Aye, aye, quoth I, ensamples are but rare
To find so many charms in one discreet;
With you fair lass, I mean not now to treat.
The springal was in wholesome lustihed,
And him by name of Pamphilus they greet;
He was to doughty chevisance ybred,
Yet oft in country halls the active measure led.

' The auncient dame they do Avara call,
And much she hobbled as she trod the ground;
Yet many angels in her crumenal,
If fair report speaks true, were always found.
Where riches flow, there virtues too abound.
Her pannikel was as a badger grey.
And as she walk'd the company around,
It nodded with such force, that, by my fay,
I thought it meant to fly from her old crag away.

' The lofty roof was fretted o'er with gold,
And all around the walls depeinten were
With many histories of times of old,
Which brought not muchel credit to the fair.
There Leda held her swan, with shoulders bare;
And here the dame of Ephesus was found,
Lick other dames, whom my kind tongue shall spare;
And here stood Helen for her charms renown'd,
Who soon her lord forsook, when she a leman found.

' And many a beauteous dame and courtly knight
Came there the nuptials to celebrate:
Some versed to wing from bow the nimble flight,
Some the near foe with brondir'n to amate;
Me too they welcome to the hall of state;
With bel accoil they wished me to take
A round or two, and chuse me out a mate:
But my fond love, which nothing could aslake,
Caus'd me to slight them all, for Columbella's sake.

' And now to artful steps the floor rebounds,
In graceful ease the shining beavys move,
The noise like thunder at a distance sounds.
Mean time I sat beneath a proud alcove,
And told Avara gentle tales of love.
Thought I, in eld the passions are more tame,
And here by craft I may successful prove;
For she perforce must now be void of blame
As wise Ulysses' wife, Penelope by name.

'Ne wants she gelt, which oft the mind misleads
To actions which it otherwise would shun.
The courtier lythe, if right report areeds,
Will unawhap'd to seize his vintage run;
And so will most men underneath the sun,
Or be they patriot call'd, or bard, or knight!
But when they once the gilded prize have won,
They seek to clear their name with shame bedight:
Befits to scour the steel, when rust offends the sight.

'At every word I said she look'd askance,
Then said in unsoot whispers, Fye! Sir, fye!
And turn'd as tho' she seem'd to mind the daunce,
Nathless on me she cast a languid eye:
Blist by thy form, my lifest life, quoth I,
Cast your belgards upon an humble slave:
From love, alas! in vain my heart would fly;
Then with a word thy quailing leman save,
For if you frown, perdie, you doom me to the grave.

'It hap'd by chaunce she saw a gelden heart
With flaming diamonds around beset;
This, the whole guerdon of my tedious smart,
I on a time from Columbel did get.
As simple birds are caught in fowler's net,
And 'cause they see no danger, none they fear,
Ev'n so Avara her eyne here did set,
And turned round and whisper'd in mine ear,
Give me that diamond heart, and be mine leman dear.

'I started from the couch where I was pight,
And thus I her bespake with muckle rage,
Avaunt, thou faytor false, thou imp of night!
I hate myself that I should thus engage,
On any terms to treat with wrizled age.
So, forth I flung, and left the frowy witch
To share her bed with coachman, groom or page;
The castle too I quit, mine ire was sich.
And out I set again, though night was dark as pitch.

'But did I here relate, Sir Satyrane,
The many weary miles I've travelled,
What dangers I've assail'd, yet all in vain,
(For, by my truth, but ill my days I've sped)
Your hair would stand upright upon your head.
Three hundred virtuous females side by side,
By me to Columbella must be led:
Can you direct me where for such to ride?'
'I cannot, in good sooth,' the courteous knight reply'd.

The Squire pursu'd his tale; 'tis now three years
Since curst Avara's visage first I saw;
Convents I've try'd, but there the luscious freers
The fair-fac'd nuns to fornication draw;
Nor palaces are free from Cupid's law;
His darts are fiercer than the levin-brond;
Few, very few, there 'scape his mighty paw,
And those in golden palls who proudly stond,
Had lever kiss their love's, than Keysar's royal hond.

'Fair Jenny of the mill I strove to win,
And her benempt Pastora of the dale;
But they bilive agreed with me to sin;
One ask'd an owch, and one a watchet veil.
Some wish o'er ev'ry female to prevail;
My hope, my conquest is to be deny'd.
The stage I've try'd, but there my projects fail;
For there is scarce a single wedded bride
But doth her husband's noul with horns of ront provide.

'As couthful fishers at the benty brook,
By various arts assot the seely fry,
Now wriggling worms, now paste conceals the hook,
And now they hide it with a colour'd fly;
This takes the perch, and that the tench's eye;
So different nymphs a different charm invites:
Some yield for vantage, some for vanity,
A song this one, a daunce that maid delights;
Man throws the wimble bait and greedy woman bites.

' With sorrow overhent the other day
I laid my weary limbs adown to rest,
Where a tall beech o'erspread the dusky way;
My noyous thoughts a dream a while suppress'd,
Oft weighty truths are in this garb ydress'd.
Grant that it so may happen unto me!
Then joyance once again shall sooth this breast,
My pining soul shall be from anguish free,
And I shall taste true bliss, dear Columbel, with thee.'

' Methought I saw a figure fair and tall,
And gentle smiles sat dimpling on her face,
Yet seemed it of beauty nought at all,
'Till much beholding did improve each grace;
At length she seem'd too fair for human race.
Her kirtle white might vie with winter's snows,
Ne could you ought of her fair bosom trace,
Nought but her face would she to sight expose,
So modest maiden wends, the frannion muchel shows.

With visage bland, methought, she hail'd me oft:
" Ne fear," quoth she, " a female's mild request.
The bark by tempests that is whirl'd aloft,
At length, the tempest o'er, enjoyeth rest.
My name is Chastity, though out of quest
With modern dames, yet thou shalt still survey
A clime where beauty is with virtue blest.
Good fortune speed you on your happy way;
Go, gentle Squire of Dames, and here no longer stay.

To Fairy lond your instant journey bend,
There Columbel may find her will obey'd;
There Chastity may boast of many a friend,
She visits there each rosy-featur'd maid.
Go on, nor be by former toils afraid;
Go where yon oaks display their verdant pride,
'Till from the mountains torn and stripp'd of shade,
On Neptune's billows they triumphant ride,
Protect their happy lond, and conquer all beside.

" Hail happy lond! for arms and arts renown'd,
For blooming virgins free from loose desire;
A Drake, a Bacon, there a birth-place found,
And chaste Eliza time shall e'er admire:
The hero wields the sword and poet's lyre:
This Sidney knew, who still with lustre shines,
For whom Dan Spenser wak'd the warbling quire;
And many more whose names might grace his lines:
There round the warrior's palm the lover's myrtle
twines."

' At this I woke, and now resolv'd to brave
The utmost perils for my Columbel;
For, know, I mean to cross the briny wave,
Where Albion's chalky cliffs the sea repel:
And, if no mage have laid a magic spell,
Perchance my lot may be at length to find
Three hundred nymphs, who wicked love can quell;
If not, I must desert all womankind,
And, what me most amates, leave Columbel behind.'

The Squire of Dames surceased here his say,
And forth he yode to seek the British isle;
Sir Satyrane prick'd on his dapple grey,
Ne ought foreswonk he travell'd many a mile
To spend his days in hardiment and toil:
But first in courteous guise they bid farewell,
As well befits men bred in courtly soil.
Now how the Squire has sped, or ill, or well,
A future canto may, perhaps, at leisure tell.

For see, how Phœbus welketh in the west.
My oxen from their yoke I must untye,
The collar much has chauf'd their tender chest;
Who labour much the sweets of rest should try.
To their warm nests the daws and ravens fly,
Deep in the ruin'd dome or dusky wood;
And beasts and birds fast lock'd in slumber lye,
Save the fell bat, that flutters out for food,
And the soothsaying owl, with her unlovely brood.

CANTO II.

The Squire he lights on Bon-vivant
Who wons in Fairy soil,
Then views in Merlin's magic glass
A sight that ends his toil.

TO gain the point to which our soul aspires
We nourish toil, and reek hard labour sweet:
For this, through Greenland's frosts, or India's fires,
The hardy sailors death and dangers meet;
And the prow'd chieftain, bolder than discreet,
In blood imbru'd pursues the martial fray.
And lovers' eke through life's loud tempests beat,
Led on by hope, that never-dying ray;
Hope wantons in their breast, and strews with flow'rs the way.

And sure of all mankind the Squire of Dames
Shall stand the first ensample of true love,
Who aye, untouch'd by any foreign flames,
Preserv'd his passion for his gentle dove:
Blush, modern youths! whose pulses quickly move,
Fondly you glote upon the witching fair;
Yet, when a sweet enjoyment once you prove,
You leave the nymph entangled in the snare,
Her tears flow trickling down, her singults pierce the air.

Oh think of transports which ye whilom tasted,
And let the glad remembrance charm your mind,
Be not the fruits of joyment quickly wasted,
And to your heart her happy image bind:
Think what she merits who while ere was kind,
Nor by inconstancy her peace destroy:
Inconstancy! that monster fell and blind,
That, vainly fond of ev'ry passing toy,
Treads down its late delight, and poisons rapturous joy.

Return we now unto our gentle youth,
Whose little bark daunc'd lightly on the main,
His breast divided atween joy and ruth;
Now gay ideas wanton in his brain,
Now woe-begon his heart is rent in twain.
On his success depends his Columbel;
And now he hopes, and now desponds again!
The various turns of mind, when thoughts rebel,
Sure pen mote ne'er describe, and none but lovers tell.

Methinks I see him on the beachy strond,
Where Neptune's waves affrap the sturdy pier;
His hardy steed neighs at the sight of lond.
In all adventures a most faithful seer;
And through that city he doth quickly steer,
Which Ethelbert to holy Autin gave:
The kings of Kent did erst inhabit here,
Here haughty Becket sunk into the grave,
Here, through the smiling meads, Stoure rolls his dimpling wave.

Long travell'd he, ne ventur'd to assay
The nymphs he met, for much he was affraid
To bribes or pray'rs few women would cry nay;
At flattery's tongue full oft will virtue fade!
What shall he do? to win his lovely maid
He must three hundred virtuous females find.
Perdie quoth he, my fortune be essay'd,
I'll boldly try the strength of woman kind:
For craven heart they say, ne'er won fair lady's mind.

So on he prick'd, and from the rising ground
Discern'd before him, in a distant vale,
A castle fair! and auncient oaks around
Did to the breeze their lofty heads avail!
A silver stream refresh'd the fragrant dale:
Their ledden loud fat oxen did repeat,
And nibbling sheep display'd their fleeces pale,
The woodbine shed an odour matchless sweet,
And to their patient dams the frisking lambkins bleat.

To that same castle our adventurer yode,
The merry birds him welcom'd on the way,
An hundred flow'rs amail'd the winding road,
And all was bright, and all was passing gay;
You would have sworn it was the month of May.
Withouten drad he thunders at the gate,
Who wons within, or giant, knight or fay,
Shall ne'er, in sooth, our imp of fame amate;
Unto the summons loud the portal opens straight.

And forth there issued the seneschal,
Of middle age he was, if right I ween,
He was in personage both plump and tall,
Ne seemed he to taste of dolorous teen,
Ne wrinkle deep was on his forehead seen,
But jovisaunce sat basking on his brow,
At every word he spoke, he smil'd atween,
His temples were ycrown'd with myrtle bough,
And virelays he song with matchless grace, I vow.

"Whoe'er thou art, thrice welcome to these plains,
Where bitter dole ne'er shows her hateful head,
Good-fellowship wons here, and free from pains
Both youth and eld the paths of pleasure tread.
Catch flying bliss, ne be by ought foresaid:
Think that this life is but a little span;
Then laugh, and sport, and shun all dreryhed,
Thy rolling days in present pleasures plan,
Come, spend thy hours in joy, thou son of mortal man.

"Know'st thou my name? I am l'Allegro hight,
Let me conduct thee to our jovial hall,
Where Bon-vivant in revels spends the night,
Who bids a harty welcome unto all,
Or wear he red cross-stole, or paynim pall."
With that he lad him with a courtly air
Into a chamber deck'd for feast and ball;
And though no tedes or tapers glimmer'd there,
Yet all within was bright, as all without was fair.

As at the close of a hot summer's day,
When Phœbus in the west deserts the sky,
Bright streams of light along the æther play,
And, though his fiery orb forsake our eye,
The beamy gushes gild each object nigh;
The painted meads are ting'd with golden light,
And rivers roll their glitt'ring waters by;
So in this house of joy with ease you might
Perceive celestial rays, that cherish'd human sight.

The Squire of Dames his jolly host salew'd,
And Bon-vivant his hond in friendship press'd:
" Come, sit thee down, and taste our choicest food;
We entertake, (quoth he,) no vulgar guest.
Endur'd to toil, come taste the sweets of rest;
Doff thy hard arms, this samite garment wear,
This better far than mail shall bind thy breast;
This coronal shall deck thy auburn hair:
Push the brisk goblet round, and drown intruding care.

" For us the lark attunes his morning song,
For us the spring depeints her ev'ry dower,
To sooth our sleep yon fountain purls along,
And oaks to shade us, twine into a bower,
The pensive bard sits many a watchful hour,
In ditty sweet, to carol forth our praise:
While valour spends his days in dole and stour,
We, wiser we, undying trophies raise
To ever-blooming bliss, ne reek what wisdom says.

" With sprightly notes we make the welkin ring,
In mazy daunce we tread the chequer'd ground,
To yielding nymphs transported shepherds sing,
Ne hard misfare emongst our train is found.
The simple swain, who looks with cark astoun'd
Because his leman ill rewards his care,
Oh, let him stond to all a lout renown'd,
Ne gibing scorn her twitting bords forbear;
Are there not other nymphs less coy, and full as fair?"

At this the Squire wex'd pale, ' Ne each it is,
Most courteous knight, he cry'd, far to remove
The thoughts of her in whom we place all bliss.'
Quoth Bon-vivant, ' What, then thou art in love?'
' That I am so these many singults prove,'
Return'd the Squire. L'Allegro then reply'd,
' Thou'dst better wend to yonder willow grove,
Where shoals of lovers, hanging side by side,
Feed the vile carrion crows, and highten female pride.'

With that he brast into a scornful laugh,
And much abash'd appear'd our constant Squire;
The others sportful the brisk vintage quaff,
While thus the springal. ' Yes, I do aspire
To love the fairest of the female quire.
Three hundred virtuous damsels in this isle
I came to find.' ' Perdie, your odd desire,
(Quoth Bon-vivant,) will ask thee muchel toil;
And thou shalt travel too full many a weary mile.

'Tis not enough the conduct of the fair
Is form'd by frowning virtue's strictest leer:
The blatant beast does here in pieces tear
The fame of those ybred in school severe;
His rankling tongue throughout the rolling year
With baleful venom every thing consumes;
Where beauty's splendor gilds our northern sphere
He slyly creeps, and to destruction dooms
The honour of the spring, and wisdom's early blooms.

' The brindled lyon in the lonely wood,
Hides his grim aspect from the sight of men;
The pardelis and libbard's spotted brood
Reside contented in sequester'd den;
Not so the blatant-beast, he lives in ken
Of the proud city or well-peopled town;
Thence with detested fury he will run,
Ne spare the prelate's lawn, or monarch's crown:
All fares alike with him, for all he tumbleth down.

'What then avails it to be fair or wise?
Or what avails it to be warlike knight?
Where'er the monster casts his fiery eyes
Each grace, each virtue sickens at the sight.
Then, goodly Squire, until the morning's light
Quaff the thick darkness of the night away,
And, when the morn shall rise, in arms bedight
Proceed, and luck attend you on your way;
Algates we wish in truth with us you'd ever stay.'

The Squire agrees, but vows, when rising morn
Shall gild the glitt'rand portals of the east,
Himself he will in habergeon adorn,
And seek around the isle the blatant-beast:
Meanwhile in buxom mirth they spend the feast.
Ill fares the mortal man too much who knows:
Oft shall he wish himself from thought releast;
The fatal knowledge in his bosom glows,
And mars his golden rest, and murders soft repose.

Sir Chaunticleer now ey'd the rising day,
And call'd Dame Partlet from her vetchy bed;
Now wakeful Phospher spreads his gleamy ray,
And the pale moon conceal'd her silver head;
The cattle brouze the lawn with dew bespread,
While every bird from out the buskets flies.
Then to the field our lover issued:
But sleep had seal'd l'Allegro's drowsy eyes,
And Bon-vivant also in downy slumber lies.

Our Squire, withouten drad, pursu'd his way,
And look'd around to spy this monster fell,
And many a well conceited rounddelay
He sung in honour of his Columbel:
Mote he, perchaunce, destroy this spawn of hell,
How easy were the task to him assign'd?
The lond of Fairy doth each lond excel;
View there the paragons of woman-kind;
View the bright virgins there, and leave thy heart behind.

Ah lever should'st thou try the females there
Than thus unwise another course pursue;
There ev'ry nymph is innocent as fair:
Try what I here advance, you'll find it true.
Hard is our fate while bliss in hopes we sew,
Some deadly fiend to blast our joy appears;
Contentment sweet, alas, is known to few.
Thus for a while the sun the welkin cheers,
But soon he hides his head, and melts in dropping tears.

Life is a scene of conteck and distress,
Ne is it longer than a winter's-day;
And shall we make our few enjoyments less?
Far from my cot, thou blatant-beast, away.
No husband's noul will I with horns array;
Ne shall my tongue its venom'd malice wreak
On tuneful bards, whom laurel crowns apay;
Ne will I 'gainst the comely matron speak,
Or draw one pearly drop down beauty's rosy cheek.

The Squire of Dames rode on with muchel tine,
And, as he cast askaunce his greedy look,
He saw empight beneath an auncient pine
A hoary shepherd leaning on his crook;
His falling tears increas'd the swelling brook,
And he did sigh as he would break his heart.
'O thou deep-read in sorrow's baleful look,'
The Squire exclaim'd, 'areed thy burning smart;
Our dolours grow more light when we the tale impart.'

To whom the swain reply'd, 'O gentle youth,
Yon fruitful meads my numerous herds possess'd,
My days roll'd on unknown to pain or ruth,
And one fair daughter my old age ybless'd.
Oh, had you seen her for the wake ydress'd
With kirtle ty'd with many a colour'd string,
Thy tongue to all the world had then confess'd
That she was sheener than the pheasant's wing,
And, when she rais'd her voice, ne lark so soot could sing.

'In virtue's thews I bred the lovely maid,
And she right well the lessons did pursue;
Too wise she was to be by man betray'd;
But the curst blatant-beast her form did view,
And round our plains did spread a tale untrue,
That Rosabella, spurning marriage band,
Had felt those pangs which virgin never knew,
And that Sir Topas my poor girl trepann'd;
He, who in sable stole doth in our pulpit stand.

'Nay more, the hellish monster has invented,
How a young swain on Shannon's banks yborn
(Had not my care the deep-laid plot prevented)
Would from my arms my Rosabel have born.
Have I not cause to weep from rising morn
Till Phœbus welketh in the western main,
To see my darling's fame thus vildly torn?
Have I not cause to nourish endless pain?'
At this he deeply sigh'd, and wept full sore again.

'Curst be this blatant-beast,' reply'd the Squire,
That thus infests your sea-begirted isle;
Shew me his face, that I may wreak mine ire
Upon this imp of hell, this monster vile.'
Away from hence not passing sure a mile,
Might I advise you, you had better wend,
Return'd the swain, 'Deep-read in magic-style
There Merlin wons, sue him to be your friend;
And lest you miss your way, myself will you attend.'

Together now they seek the hermitage
Deep in the covert of a dusky glade,
Where in his dortour wons the hoary sage,
The moss-grown trees did form a gloomy shade,
Their rustling leaves a solemn music made,
And fairies nightly tripp'd the awful green;
And, if the tongue of fame have truth display'd,
Full many a spectre was at midnight seen,
Torn from his earthly grave, a horrid sight! I ween.

Ne rose, ne violet glads the cheerless bower,
Ne fringed pink from earth's green bosom grew;
But hemlock dire, and every baleful flower
Might here be found, and knots of mystic rue.
Close to the cell sprung up an ancient yew,
And store of imps were on its boughs ypight;
At his behests they from its branches flew,
And, in a thousand various forms bedight,
Frisk'd to the moon's pale wain, and revell'd all the night.

Around the cave a clustering ivy spread
In wide embrace his ever twining arms;
Within, the walls with characters bespread,
Declar'd the pow'rful force of magic charms.
Here drugs were plac'd destructive of all harms,
And books that deep futurity could scan:
Here stood a spell that of his rage disarms
The mountain lyon till he yields to man;
With many secrets more, which scarce repeat I can.

The Squire of Dames deep enters in the cell:
What will not valiant heart for beauty dare?
His borrel fere here bids his friend farewell,
And home he wends renewing cark and care.
When, louting low with a becoming air,
The youth cry'd out, 'O thrice renowned mage,
Vouchsafe to cure me of my black despair
For thou not only art grown wise through age,
But art of mortal man by far the wisest sage.'

Then Merlin with a look benign reply'd,
(For he was bred with every courteous thew)
I know to make fair Columbel your bride
The blatant-beast you through the lond pursue;
The fate of empires now demands my view,
And for a while denies my presence here;
Soon in this cell I'll thee again salew,
What most thou lik'st partake withouten fear,
Share all my cave affords, nor think I grudge my cheer.

'Yet, mark my counsel, open not that door,
Lest thou repent thy follies when too late;
Ten thousand pangs shall make thy heart full sore,
For horror scouls behind that heben gate.
And future ills shall thy dear peace amate:
There stands a mirror wrought by magic leer,
In which are read the dark decrees of fate;
And whom you wish to see will straight appear,
Devoid of art's false mask, to human eye-sight clear.

'Ah how unlike the godlike man he seem'd!
In this my glass the patriot I've descry'd;
By the vile rabblement a saint esteem'd!
He's oft a wretch compos'd of sloth and pride:
And Kesars too, not seldom deify'd,
With other men their vice and follies share:
And by my mirror if the nymph be try'd,
It will without reserve the truth declare,
Ne flatter head that's crown'd, ne flatter face that's fair.

'Once more let me advise thee, gentle Squire,
Forbear to look at this same magic glass;
Do not too rashly into faith inquire———
But I to foreign stronds awhile must pass.'
Th' unweeting youth cry'd to himself, 'Alas!
Would I could know the lot to me assign'd!'
'Patience, (quoth Merlin,) doth all things surpass.'
Then to his car were winged dragons join'd,
With which he sails through air, and far outstrips the wind.

And now the Squire surveys the lonesome cave;
His wav'ring mind is in a whirlwind tost,
And now the mirror he resolves to brave,
And now he finds his boasted courage lost.
At length determin'd, whatsoe'er it cost,
To see the glass, he darts into the cell;
And, lest his eyes by vile restraint be crost,
Thrice he invokes his lovely Columbel.
As Adam fell of yore, the Squire of Dames yfell.

The heben doors full widely he display'd,
And saw the lovely queen of all his heart,
Fair as the lily in the watry glade,
Bright as the morn, and bright withouten art,
Through every vein he feels a thrillant smart:
For the dear maid lay on her bed undress'd;
And, (may I unreprov'd the truth impart,)
She hugg'd a lusty stripling to her breast,
When she fell closely clipp'd, and wantonly caress'd.

' O faytor false, O wicked imp of night!'
Exclaim'd the Squire, astoun'd, ' ah! weal away!
Let Erebus impitchy stole bedight
With foulest sprites the sons of men affray,
And blot for ever the fair face of day.
Ye haggard sisters, sound my passing bell!
Oh! ne'er believe, ye youths, what women say.
O losel loose, O impious Columbel!'
Then like a stean to earth full heavily he fell.

There shall we leave him, for my leaky boat
Lets in the water, and I must recure
Her much-worn hulk, that scarcely now can float;
And moor'd in harbour she shall ride secure:
Then if I can a pilot wise procure,
Mayhap I may again hoist forth my sail,
And other hardy voyages endure
Through shelves and shallows. Now the adverse gale
Gives me some time to rest, and lond with joy I hail.

GLOSSARY.

Amail, enamel.
Avale, bow.
Buskets, bushes.
Borrel seer, clownish companion.
Crumenal, purse.
Fortilage, fort.
Flight, arrow.
Kestrel, an hawk.
Levin-brond, thunderbolt.
Ledden, language.
Pannikel, crown of the head.
To royne, to bite or gnaw.
Sib, an uncle.
Springal, a youth.
Wimble, shifting to and fro.

The Wild Hunter.

LOUD, loud, the Baron winds his horn;
And, see, a lordly train
On horse, on foot, with deafening din,
Comes scouring o'er the plain.

O'er heath, o'er field, the yelping pack
Dash swift from couples freed;
O'er heath, o'er field, close on their track,
Loud neighs the fiery steed.

And now the Sabbath's holy dawn
Beam'd high with purple ray,
And bright each hallow'd temple's dome
Reflected back the day.

Now deep and clear the pealing bells
Struck on the list'ning ear,
And heav'nward rose from many a voice
The hymn of praise and pray'r.

Swift, swift along the crossway, still
They speed with eager cry:
See! right and left, two horsemen strange
Their rapid coursers ply.

Who were the horsemen right and left?
That may I guess full well:
Who were the horsemen right and left,
That may I never tell.

The right, of fair and beauteous mien,
A milk-white steed bestrode;
Mild as the vernal skies, his face
With heavenly radiance glow'd.

The left spurr'd fast his fiery barb,
Red as the furnace flame;
Sullen he lour'd, and from his eyes
The death-like lightning came.

'Right welcome to our noble sport;'
The Baron greets them fair;
'For well I wot ye hold it good
To banish moping care.

'No pleasure equal to the chase,
Or earth or heav'n can yield;'
He spoke,—he wav'd his cap in air,
And foremost rush'd afield.

'Turn thee!' the milder horseman cries;
'Turn thee from horns and hounds!
Hear'st not the bells, hear'st not the quire,
Mingle their sacred sounds?

'They drown the clamour of the chase;
Oh! hunt not then to-day,
Nor let a fiend's advice destroy
Thy better angel's sway.'

'Hunt on, hunt on,' his comrade cries,
'Nor heed yon dotard's spell;
What is the bawling quire to us?
Or what the gangling bell?

'Well may the chase delight thee more;
And well may'st learn from me,
How brave, how princely is our sport,
From bigot terrors free.'

'Well said! well said! in thee I own
A hero's kindred fire;
These pious foolries move not us.
We reck nor priest, nor quire.

'And thou, believe me, saintlike dolt,
Thy bigot rage is vain;
From pray'rs and beadrolls, what delight
Can sportsmen hope to gain?'

Still hurry, hurry, on they speed
O'er valley, hill, and plain;
And ever at the Baron's side
Attend the horsemen twain.

See, panting, see, a milk-white hart
Up-springs from yonder thorn:
'Now swiftly ply both horse and foot;
Now louder wind the horn!

See, falls a huntsman! see, his limbs
The pangs of death distort!
'Lay there and rot: no caitiff's death
Shall mar our princely sport.'

Light bounds with deftest speed the hart,
Wide o'er the country borne;
Now closer prest, a refuge seeks
Where waves the ripening corn.

See, the poor owner of the field
Approach with tearful eyes;
'O pity, pity, good my lords!'
Alas! in vain he cries.

'O spare what little store the poor
By bitter sweat can earn!'
Now soft the milder horseman warns
The Baron to return.

Not so persuades his stern compeer,
Best pleas'd with darkest deeds;
'Tis his to sway the Baron's heart,
Reckless what Mercy pleads.

'Away!' the imperious noble cries;
'Away, and leave us free!
Off! or by all the pow'rs of hell,
Thou too shalt hunted be!

'Here, fellows! let this villain prove
My threats were not in vain:
Loud lash around his piteous face
The whips of all my train.'

'This said, 'tis done: swift o'er the fence
The Baron foremost springs;
Swift follow hound, and horse, and man,
And loud the welkin rings.

Loud rings the welkin with their shouts,
While man, and horse, and hound,
Ruthless tread down each ripening ear,
Wide o'er the smoking ground.

O'er heath, and field, o'er hill and dale,
Scar'd by the approaching cries,
Still close pursu'd, yet still unreach'd,
Their destin'd victim flies.

Now mid the lowing herds that graze
Along yon verdant plain,
He hopes, conceal'd from every eye,
A safe retreat to gain.

In vain, for now the savage train
Press ravening on his heels:
See, prostrate at the Baron's feet
The affrighted herdsman kneels.

Fear for the safety of his charge
Inspires his faltering tongue;
' O spare,' he cries, ' these harmless beasts,
Nor work an orphan's wrong.

' Think, here thy fury would destroy
A friendless widow's all!
He spoke:—the gentle stranger strove
To enforce soft pity's call.

Not so persuades his sullen frere,
Best pleas'd with darkest deeds;
'Tis his to sway the Baron's heart,
Reckless what Mercy pleads.

' Away, audacious hound!' he cries;
' 'Twould do my heart's-blood good,
Might I but see transform'd to beasts,
Thee and thy beggar brood.

' Then, to the very gates of heav'n,
Who dare to say me nay!
With joy I'd hunt the losel fry;
Come, fellows, no delay!'

See, far and wide the murderous throng
Deal many a deadly wound;
Mid slaughter'd numbers, see, the hart
Sinks bleeding on the ground.

Yet still he summons all his strength
For one poor effort more,
Staggering he flies; his silver sides
Drop mingled sweat and gore.

And now he seeks a last retreat
Deep in the darkling dell,
Where stands, amidst embowering oaks,
A hermit's holy cell.

E'en here the madly eager train
Rush swift with impious rage,
When, lo! persuasion on his tongue,
Steps forth the reverend sage.

'O cease thy chase! nor thus invade
Religion's free abode;
For know, the tortur'd creature's groans
E'en now have reach'd his God.

'They cry at heav'n's high mercy-seat,
For vengeance on thy head;
O turn, repentant turn, ere yet
The avenging bolt is sped.'

Once more Religion's cause in vain
The gentle stranger pleads;
Once more, alas! his sullen frere
A willing victim leads.

'Dash on!' the harden'd sinner cries;
'Shalt thou disturb our sport?
No!—boldly would I urge the chase
In heav'n's own inmost court.

'What reck I then thy pious rage?
No mortal man I fear:
Not God in all his terrors arm'd
Should stay my fix'd career.'

He cracks his whip, he winds his horn,
He calls his vassal-crew;
Lo! horse and hound, and sage and cell,
All vanish from his view.

All, all are gone!—no single track
His eager eye can trace;
And silence, still as death, has hush'd
The clamours of the chase.

In vain he spurs his courser's sides,
Nor back, nor forward borne;
He winds his horn, he calls aloud,
But hears no sound return.

And now enclos'd in deepest night,
Dark as the silent grave,
He hears the sullen tempest roar,
As roars the distant wave.

Louder and louder still the storm
Howls through the troubled air;
Ten thousand thunders from on high,
The voice of Judgment bear.

'Accursed before both God and man,
Unmov'd by threat or pray'r;
Creator, nor created, aught
Thy frantic rage would spare.

'Think not in vain creation's Lord
Has heard his creature's groan;
E'en now the torch of vengeance flames
High by his awful throne.

'Now, hear thy doom! to aftertimes
A dread example giv'n,
For ever urge thy wild career,
By fiendish hell-hounds driv'n.'

The voice had ceas'd; the sulphurous flash
Shot swift from either pole;
Sore shook the grove; cold horror seiz'd
The trembling miscreant's soul.

Again the rising tempest roars,
Again the lightnings play;
And every limb, and every nerve,
Is frozen with dismay.

He sees a giant's swarthy arm
Start from the yawning ground;
He feels the demon grasp his head,
And rudely wrench it round.

In torrents now from every side,
Pours fast a fiery flood;
On each o'erwhelming wave upborne,
Loud howls the hellish brood.

Sullen and grisly gleams the light,
Now red, now green, now blue;
Whilst o'er the gulph the fiendish train
Their destin'd prey pursue.

In vain he shrieks with wild despair,
In vain he strives to fly;
Still at his back the hell-born crew
Their cursed business ply.

By day, full many a fathom deep
Below Earth's smiling face;
By night, high through the troubled air,
They speed their endless chase.

In vain to turn his eyes aside
He strives with wild affright;
So never may those maddening scenes
Escape his tortur'd sight.

Still must he see those dogs of hell
Close hovering on his track;
Still must he see the avenging scourge
Uplighted at his back.

Now this is the wild Baron's hunt;
And many a village youth,
And many a sportsman, (dare they speak)
Could vouch the awful truth.

For oft benighted midst the wilds
The fiendish troop they hear,
Now shrieking shrill, now cursing loud,
Come thundering through the air.

No hand shall stay those dogs of hell
Or quench that sea of fire,
Till God's own dreadful day of doom
Shall bid the world expire!

The Sorceress;

OR,

WOLFWOLD AND ULLA.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

'OH! low he lies—his cold pale cheek
Lies lifeless on the clay!
Yet, struggling hope, O day-spring, break
And lead me on my way:

'On Denmark's cruel bands, O heaven!
Thy red-wing'd vengeance pour;
Before my Wolfwold's spear be driven,
O rise—bright morning hour!'

Thus Ulla wail'd, the fairest maid
Of all the Saxon race;
Thus Ulla wail'd, in nightly shade,
While tears bedew'd her face.

When sudden, o'er the fire-crown'd hill,
The full-orb'd moon arose;
And o'er the winding dale, so still,
Her silver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla's fearful breast
Her anxious care delay,
But, deep with hope and fear imprest,
She holds the moonshine way.

She left the bower; and, all alone,
  She traced the dale so still;
And sought the cave, with rue o'ergrown,
  Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

Black knares of blasted oak, embound
  With hemlock, fenc'd the cell;
The dreary mouth, half underground,
  Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

Soon as the gloomy den she spy'd,
  Cold horror shook her knee;
And 'Hear, O propheteſs!' she cried,
  'A princeſs sue to thee.'

Aghast she stood!—athwart the air
  The dismal screech-owl flew;
The fillet round her auburn hair,
  Asunder burst in two:

Her robes, of softest yellow, glow'd
  Beneath the moon's pale beam,
And o'er the ground, with yew boughs strew'd,
  Effus'd a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the Sorceress spy'd
  As, in her deepest cell,
At midnight's magic hour she try'd
  A tomb-o'erpowering spell.

When, from the cavern's dreary womb,
  Her groaning voice arose—
'O come, my daughter, fearleſs come;
  And, fearleſs, tell thy woes.'

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
  When whirlwinds sudden rise:
As stands against the warrior-chief,
  When his base army flies:

So shook, so stood, the beauteous Maid—
When, from the dreary den,
A wrinkled Hag came forth, array'd
In matted rags obscene.

Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
Loose hung her ash-grey hair,
As, from two dreary caves, profound
Her blue-flam'd eye-balls glare.

Her skin, of earthy red, appear'd
Clung round her shoulder bones;
Like wither'd bark, by lightning scar'd,
When loud the tempest groans.

A robe of squalid green and blue
Her ghostly length array'd,
A gaping rent, full to the view,
Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.—

'Ah tell, my daughter! fearless tell,
What sorrow brought thee here?
So may my power thy cares expel,
And give thee sweetest cheer.'

'O, mistress of the powerful spell!
King Edric's daughter see;
Northumbria to my father fell,
But sorrow fell to me.

'My virgin-heart Lord Wolfwold won,
My father on him smil'd;
Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne,
His pride the youth exil'd:

'Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
Their gloomy black wings spread,
And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas
Their dreadful squadrons sped.'

" Return, brave Wolfwold," Edric cried,
" O generous warrior, hear!
My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
Awaits thy conquering spear."

' The banish'd youth, in Scotland's court,
Had past the weary year;
And soon he heard the glad report,
And soon he grasp'd his spear.

' He left the Scotish dames to weep;
And, wing'd with true love-speed,
Nor day, nor night, he stop'd to sleep,
And soon he cross'd the Tweed.

' With joyful voice, and raptur'd eyes,
He press'd my willing hand,'—
" I go, my fair, my love!" he cries,
" To guard thy father's land:

" By Edon's shore, in deathful fray,
The daring foe we meet;
Ere three short days, I trust, to lay
My trophies at thy feet!"

' Alas! alas, that time is o'er,
And three long days beside;
Yet not a word from Edon's shore
Has cheer'd his fearful bride

' O mistress of the powerful spell!
His doubtful fate decide.'
And ' Cease, my child, for all is well,'
The grizzly witch replied.

' Approach my cave, and where I place
The magic circle—stand!'
And fear not aught of ghastly face,
That glides beneath my wand.'

The grizzly witch's powerful charms
Then reach'd the labouring moon,
And, cloudless, at the dire alarms
She shed her brightest noon:

The pale beam struggled through the shade,
That black'd the cavern's womb,
And, in the deepest nook, betray'd
An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb, in mystic lore,
Were forms of various mien;
And efts, and foul-wing'd serpents, bore
The altar's base obscene.

Eyeless, a huge and starv'd toad sat
In corner much aloof,
And many a snake, and famish'd bat,
Clung to the crevic'd roof.

A fox and vulture's skeletons
A yawning rift betray'd,
And, grappling still each other's bones,
The strife of death display'd.

'And now, my child,' the Sorceress said,
Lord Wolfwold's father's grave
To me shall render up the dead,
And send him to my cave!—

'His skeleton shall hear my spell;
And, to the figured walls,
His hand of bone shall point and tell
What fate his son befalls.'

O! cold down Ulla's snow-like face
The trembling sweat-drops fell,
As, borne by sprites of gliding pace,
The corpse approach'd the cell.

And thrice the witch her magic wand
Wav'd o'er the skeleton,
And slowly, at the dread command,
Uprose the arm of bone.

A cloven shield, and broken spear,
The finger wander'd o'er;
Then rested on a sable bier,
Distain'd with drops of gore.

In ghastly wreathes her mouth, so wide
And black, the Sorceress throws;
'And be those signs, my child,' she cried,
'Fulfill'd on Wolfwold's foes!

'A happier spell I now shall try:
Attend, my child, attend,
And mark what flames from altar high,
And lowly floor ascend.

'If of the rose's softest red
The blaze shines forth to view,
Then Wolfwold lives—but hell forbid
The glimmering flame of blue!'

The witch then rais'd her haggard arm,
And wav'd her wand on high,
And, while she spoke the mutter'd charm,
Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

Fair Ulla's knee swift smote the ground,
Her hands aloft were spread;
And every joint as marble bound,
Felt horror's darkest dread.

Her lips, erewhile so like the rose,
Were now as violet pale,
And trembling in convulsive throes,
Exprest o'erwhelming ail:

Her eyes, erewhile so starry bright,
Where living lustre shone,
Were now transform'd to sightless white,
Like eyes of lifeless stone.

And soon the dreadful spell was o'er;
And, glimmering to the view,
The quivering flame rose through the floor,
A flame of ghastly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
Low from the inmost cave,
Young Wolfwold rose in pale attire,
The vestments of the grave!—

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
His cheek was wan as clay;
And, half cut through, his hand appear'd
That beckoned her away.

Fair Ulla saw the woeful shade;
Her heart struck at her side,
And burst—low bow'd her listless head,
And down she sunk and died.

The Grave of King Arthur.

BY THOMAS WARTON.

King Henry the Second having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick King of Connaught, commonly called O'Conner Dun, or the Brown monarch of Ireland, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of Welch bards. The subject of their poetry was King Authur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welch poems, sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot described by the bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following Ode: but, for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variation from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The Castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teive, in Pembrokeshire: and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer,
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's Castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the Metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall
The storied tapestry was hung;
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song;
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice,
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:

'O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming seamew soar'd;
On Tintaggel's * topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;

---

* Tintagel, or Tintadgel Castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its

Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the trembling tide:

'When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
The mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew;
On a rich enchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head;
O'er his brow with whispers bland,
Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains clos'd around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty King:
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command:

---

huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsula cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the northern coasts of Cornwall.

Thence to Britain shall return,
(If right prophetic rolls I learn)
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride,
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore.'

They ceas'd, when on the tuneful stage
Advanced a bard, of aspect sage;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Phinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd,
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire:

'Listen, Henry, to my rede!
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright rob'd Tradition, to relate
In forged colours Arthur's fate;
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store:
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
Where Truth the strain might best become,
If thine ear may still be wone
With songs of Uther's glorious son,
Henry, I a tale unfold,
Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
Which in my youth's full early flower,
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,

What time the glistening vapours fled
From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's * head;
And on its sides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.

'When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
Where, crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
But when he fell, with winged speed,
His champions, on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
In the fair vale of Avelon:†
There, with chanted orizon,
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier:
Through the dim aisles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
And long o'er the neglected stone,
Oblivion's vale its shade has thrown:
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
Thither, when Conquest has restor'd
Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,

---

* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.

† Glastonbury Abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the Island, or Valley, of Avalonia.

When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows
Haste thee to pay thy pilgrim vows,
There, observant of my lore,
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
And thrice a fathom underneath
Dive into the vaults of death.
There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior-weeds array'd;
Wearing in death his helmet crown,
And weapons huge of old renown.
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
So may thy ships securely stem
The western frith : thy diadem
Shine victorious in the van,
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
Thy Norman pike-men win their way
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay:*
And from the steeps of rough Kildare
Thy prancing hoof the falcon scare:
So may thy bow's unerring yew
Its shafts in Roderic's heart imbrue.'†

Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast.

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* The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Harsager, the Fairhaired King of Norway, is said, in the Life of Gryffudh ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprize, chiefly by the use of the long bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted.

Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes,
He scorns awhile his bold emprise;
Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace,
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb:
Ev'n now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made:
And drag to day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

Hengist and Mey.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

IN ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight, in all the land,
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister, Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain:

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet, at the evening hour of pray'r,
Her mind was lost in love!

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,
And urg'd her to explain;—
'O! name the gentle youth to me,
And his consent I'll gain.'

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey replied,
'His name—how can I say?—
An angel, from the fields above,
Has rapt my heart away!

'But once, alas! and never more,
His lovely form I spy'd,
One evening by the sounding shore,
All by the greenwood side:

'His eyes to mine the love confest,
That glow'd with mildest grace;
His courtly mien and purple vest
Bespoke his princely race:

'Yet, when he heard my father's horn,
Fast to his ships he fled,
Ah! while I sleep, his graceful form
Still hovers round my bed.

Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
He shakes a warlike lance;
And now, in courtly garments dight,
He leads the sprightly dance:

'His hair, as black as ravens' wing;
His skin, as Christmas snow;
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn;
His lips, like rosebuds, glow:

'His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
By nature's finest hand;
His sparkling eyes—declare him born
To love, and to command!'

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopeless pining love;
But when the balmy spring return'd,
And summer cloth'd the grove,

All round by pleasant Humber side
The Saxon banners flew;
And to Sir Elmer's castle gates
The spearmen came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er,
The castle walls so sheen;
And, lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as ravens' wing,
Adown his shoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
His lips like rosebuds glow'd:

And soon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes,
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While, big with love, he sighs—

'Oh, thou! for whom I dar'd the seas,
And came with peace or war,
Oh—by the cross that veils thy breast—
Relieve thy lover's care!

'For thee, I'll quit my father's throne;
With thee, the wilds explore;
Or with thee share the British crown,
With thee the cross adore!'

Beneath the timorous virgin-blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows;
So blushing, through the dews of morn,
Appears the opening rose!

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their sins bewail;
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill sounding, through the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops, fell,
When, with a parting dear embrace,
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross, with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd her snowy breast,
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands
Have fix'd on Elmer's vest.

Now with five hundred bowmen true,
He march'd across the plain;
Till, with his gallant yeomanry,
He join'd King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shouts, and clang of arms,
The distant vallies fill.

Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
Assum'd the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage, the combat burns;
The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain:

To stop its course, young Hengist flew
Like lightning o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire;
And all his martial heat before
To this was wild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front
With whirlwind-speed he prest,
And, glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way; the princely youth
With heedless rage pursued,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head—slow drop'd his spear,
The reins slipt through his hand;
And, stain'd with blood, his stately corpse
Lay breathless on the strand.

'O, bear me off!' Sir Elmer cried:
'Before my painful sight
The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
I claim, as victor's right.'

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled:
The bowmen to his castle gates
The brave Sir Elmer led.—

'O wash my wounds, my sister dear!
O! pull this Saxon dart,
That, whizzing from young Hengist's arm,
Has almost pierc'd my heart.

'Yet in my hall his vest shall hang;
And Britons, yet unborn,
Shall with the trophies of to-day
Their solemn feasts adorn!'

All trembling, Mey beheld the vest:
'Oh, Merlin!' loud she cried,
'Thy words are true!—my slaughter'd love
Shall have a breathless bride!

'Oh, Elmer—Elmer! boast no more,
That low thy Hengist lies!
Oh, Hengist! cruel was thine arm;
My brother bleeds—and dies!'

She spake—the roses left her cheeks,
And life's warm spirit fled:
So, nipt by winter's withering blast,
The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave:
She lifts her languid eyes;
'Return, my Hengist! Oh return,
My slaughter'd love!' she cries.—

O! still he lives! he smiles again!
With all his grace he moves!
I come—I come—where bow nor spear
Shall more disturb our loves!'

She spake—she died. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's side;
And thrice he call'd his sister, Mey;
And thrice he groan'd, then died.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross
O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
Were by the spearmen borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear!

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail in widow'd notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

Sir James the Ross.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

BY MICHAEL BRUCE.

OF all the Scotish northern chiefs
Of high and mighty name,
The bravest was Sir *James* the *Ross*,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields; his herds were large;
And large his flocks of sheep;
And numerous were his goats and deer
Upon the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good clan *Ross*,
A firm and warlike band:
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
Ere two-and-twenty opening springs
The blooming youth had seen.

The fair *Matilda* dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare;
Ev'n *Margaret* on the Scotish throne
Was never half so fair.

Long had he woo'd; long she refus'd
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words denied.

At length she bless'd his well-tried love,
Allow'd his tender claim:
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, *Buchan's* cruel lord,
Their passion disapprov'd:
He bade her wed Sir *John* the *Græme*,
And leave the youth she lov'd.—

One night they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood;
Where on the bank, beside the burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty *Donald* lay,
The brother of Sir *John* the *Græme*,
To watch what they might say:

When thus the maid began; 'My sire
Our passion disapproves;
He bids me wed Sir *John* the *Græme*,
So here must end our loves.

My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand:
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall bless thee with her hand.

'Soon will *Matilda* be forgot,
And from thy mind effac'd;
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste!'—

'What do I hear? Is this thy vow?'
Sir *James* the *Ross* replied:
'And will *Matilda* wed the *Græme*,
Though sworn to be my bride?

'His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
Than 'reave me of my charms'—
And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,
Fast lock'd within her arms.

'I spoke to try thy love,' (she said;)
I'll ne'er wed man but thee:
The grave shall be my bridal bed,
If *Græme* my husband be.

'Take then, dear youth! this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth;
And every plague become my lot
That day I break my oath.'——

They parted thus—the sun was set:
Up hasty *Donald* flies;
And, 'Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!'
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew;
For *Donald's* blade before his breast
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

'This for my brother's slighted love;
His wrongs sit on my arm.'—
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd
Fierce *Donald's* head above;
And through the brain and crashing bone
The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound; he fell,
A lump of lifeless clay:
'So fall my foes!' quoth valiant *Ross*,
And stately strode away.

Through the green wood in haste he pass'd
Unto Lord *Buchan*'s hall;
Beneath *Matilda*'s windows stood,
And thus on her did call:

'Art thou asleep, *Matilda* fair!
Awake, my love! awake:
Behold thy lover waits without,
A long farewell to take.

'For I have slain fierce *Donald Græme*,
His blood is on my sword:
And far, far distant are my men,
Nor can defend their lord.

'To *Skye* I will direct my flight,
Where my brave brothers bide;
And raise the mighty of the Isles
To combat on my side.'—

'O do not so,' the maid replied,
'With me till morning stay;
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous is the way.

'All night I'll watch thee in the park;
My faithful page I'll send
In haste to raise the brave clan *Ross*,
Their master to defend.'

He laid him down beneath a bush,
And wrap'd him in his plaid;
While, trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.—

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale;
Till, in a lowly glen,
He met the furious Sir *John Græme*,
With twenty of his men.

'Where goest thou, little page? (he said,)
So late who did thee send?'—
'I go to raise the brave clan *Ross*,
Their master to defend.

'For he has slain fierce *Donald Græme*,
His blood is on his sword;
And far, far distant are his men,
Nor can assist their lord.'—

'And has he slain my brother dear?'
The furious chief replies:
'Dishonour blast my name, but he
By me ere morning dies!

'Say, page, where is Sir *James* the *Ross?*
I will thee well reward.'—
'He sleeps into Lord *Buchan*'s park;
Matilda is his guard.'—

They spur'd their steeds, and furious flew
Like lightning o'er the lee:
They reach'd Lord *Buchan*'s lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate
Upon a rising ground,
And watch'd each object in the dawn,
All ear to every sound.

'Where sleeps the *Ross?* (began the *Græme,*)
Or has the felon fled?
This hand shall lay the wretch on earth
By whom my brother bled.'

And now the valiant knight awoke,
The virgin shrieking heard:
Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

'Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine;
And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,
Your blood shall reek on mine.'

'Your words are brave,' the chief return'd;
'But deeds approve the man:
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.'

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight:
The *Græme* gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword;
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the *Græme,*
And pierc'd him in the side:
Out spouting came the purple stream,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,
Nor sunk he to the ground,
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay;
And down beside him sunk the *Ross*,
And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran:
'O spare his life! (she cried,)
Lord *Buchan*'s daughter begs his life,
Let her not be denied.'

Her well-known voice the hero heard;
He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes;
He fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

'In vain *Matilda* begs a life,
By death's arrest denied;
My race is run—adieu, my love!'
Then clos'd his eyes, and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side,
With frantic hand she drew:
'I come, Sir *James* the *Ross*, (she cried,)
I come to follow you.'

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,
And bar'd her snowy breast;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.

Sir Lancelot du Lake.

WHEN Arthur first in court begun,
And was approved king,
By force of arms great victories won,
And conquest home did bring;

Then into England straight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that resorted unto him,
And were of his Round Table.

And many justs and tournaments,
Whereto were many prest,
Wherein some knights did then excel
And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feats of arms,
All others did excel.

When he had rested him a while,
In play, and game, and sport,
He said he would go prove himself
In some adventurous sort.

He armed rode in forest wide,
And met a damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good ear.

'Such would I find,' quoth Lancelot:
'For that cause came I hither.'
'Thou seem'st,' quoth she, 'a knight full good,
And I will bring thee thither.

'Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame,
Therefore tell me what wight thou art,
And what may be thy name?'

'My name is Lancelot du Lake.'
Quoth she, 'is likes me than:
Here dwells a knight who never was
Yet match'd with any man;

Who has in prison threescore knights
And four, that he did wound;
Knights of King Arthur's courts they be,
And of his Table Round.'

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
And many shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke;
And Tarquin soon he spy'd:
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay ty'd.

'Sir knight, then said Sir Lancelot,
'Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him down, and let him rest;
We'll try our force together.

'For, as I understand, thou hast,
So far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.'

'If *thou* be of the Table Round,'
Quoth Tarquin speedily,
'Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defy.'

'That's over-much,' quoth Lancelot;
Defend thee, by and by.'
They set their spears unto their steeds,
And each at other fly.

They coucht their spears; their horses ran
As though there had been thunder,
And struck them each amidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backs brake under them,
The knights were both astound:
To' avoid their horses they made haste
And lit upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out than,
With mighty strokes most eagerly
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand;
And, leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquin, 'Hold thy hand,

'And tell to me what I shall ask?'
'Say on,' quoth Lancelot 'though,'
'Thou art,' quoth Tarquin, 'the best knight
That ever I did know;

'And like a knight, that I did hate:
So that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee.'

'That is well said,' quoth Lancelot;
'But, sith it must be so,
What knight is that thou hatest thus?—
I pray thee to me show.'

His name is Lancelot du Lake,
He slew my brother dear;
Him I suspect of all the rest:
I would I had him here.'

'Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthur's Table Round;
King Haud's son of Schuwake;

'And, I desire thee, do thy worst!'
'Ho, ho,' quoth Tarquin, 'though,
One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go.

'If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou be:
Wherefore see thou thyself defend,
For now defy I thee.

They buckled then together so,
Like unto wild boars rushing,
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another flashing:

The ground besprinkled was with blood:
Tarquin began to yield,
For he gave back for weariness,
And low did bear his shield.

This soon Sir Lancelot espy'd;
He lept upon him then;
He pull'd him down upon his knee,
And, rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he struck his neck in two,
And, when he had so done,
From prison threescore knights and four
Delivered every one.

The Wandering Maid.

PART I.

IT was by a Baron's castle gay
A wand'ring maid did rove:
For many a mile had she took her way,
In search of her true love:
For many a mile, both day and night,
Despairing did she rove;
Nor blest the light that cheer'd her sight,
For she had lost her love.

She sat her down by the moat so wide,
And her tears began to flow;
She sat her down, and sad she sigh'd,
O'ercome with toil and wo:
But although I shed full many a tear,
And although I set and sigh,
Yet ever I'll love thee, youth so dear,
And for thee will I die.'

And now o'er the high drawbridge came near
A minstrel blithe and gay;
'And why,' he cry'd, 'sweet maiden, here
Dost thou despairing lay?
For the welkin round is black with rain,
And the water's all so cold,
E'en hardy cattle, that graze the plain,
Beget them to a hold.'

'Alas!' she cry'd 'I've lost my love,
And I've sought him far and near:
Sweet minstrel, hast thou seen him rove,
The youth whom I love so dear?'
'Fair maid, thy love how should I know
From other youths I see?'
'Oh, by his locks so fair that flow,
And his mien so blithe of blee.

'His face is fraught with beauty's smile,
The rose and lily's there;
His voice like music can beguile
The wrinkled brow of care:
Alas! it was that face that smil'd,
That brought my heart to wo;
That music voice that me beguil'd,
And made my tears to flow.

'Near these high tow'rs, so fair to view,
I'm told the youth hath been;
Then tell me, minstrel, tell me true,
Hast thou my true love seen?'
'No, maid, thy love I have not seen
By day, nor yet by night;
Alas! how hard that heart, I ween,
That could such beauty slight!—

'But, lovely maid! do not thus rove,
And break thy heart with wo;
But go with me and be my love,
And I'll not slight thee so.'
Then took this minstrel his harp of gold,
And sweetly 'gan to play;
But the faithful maid to him was cold,
For all that he could say.

'No, minstrel, though full sad I rue
That he from me is gone,
Yet still to him I'll aye be true,
And true to him alone;
And o'er the lone country, day and night,
Depairing will I rove,
Nor bless the light that cheers my sight
Till I have found my love.'

And now came forth a soldier gay,
And his broad sword he hath ta'en;
And, had not the minstrel fled away,
Full soon he had him slain:
'Oh maid, heed not that minstrel's guile,
But me take for thy love;
And then to the wars, for gold and spoil,
Right merrily we will rove.'

'No, warrior, no; though sad I rove,
And my love from me is gone,
Yet still I'll seek that faithless love,
And love but him alone:
And ever I'll wander day and night,
While cold, cold blows the wind,
Nor bless the light that cheers my sight,
'Till I my true love find.'

The soldier he was scant gone, when lo!
A forester came that way,
And merrily rode he high and low,
All clad in green so gay:
She stop'd the gallant on the green,
'And tell,' she cry'd, 'I pray,
'Mong yonder forests hast thou seen
My wand'ring true love stray?'

And how shall I know the youth you seek,
From other youths I see?'
'Oh, well may you know him ere he doth speak
His mien's so bright of blee.'
'Sweet maiden, though 'mong forests green
With early horn I rove,
Believe me, dear maid, I have not seen
The faithless youth you love.

'Now, charming maid, do not thus rove,
Nor wander thus forlorn;
But go with me, and ever I'll love,
And shelter thee from scorn:
And we will hunt with early horn,
And sing the livelong day;
And the cheerful eve, and the smiling morn,
Shall ever find us gay.

'And thou, attir'd in robes of green,
A huntress blithe and gay,
Shall aye be call'd, where'er thou'rt seen,
The sporting queen of May.
Come, turn thee, maid, and be my love,
And to my passion yield;
And ever delighted we will rove,
The princes of the field.'

'No, I will not be rob'd in green,
Thy flattery all I scorn:
Nor will I be of May the queen,
To hunt with early horn;
But I will rove, both day and night,
Through stormy hail and wind;
Nor bless the light that cheers my sight,
Till I my true love find.'

PART II.

THE forester blithe now rode away,
And blew his sounding horn,
While by the moat the maiden lay,
All desolate and forlorn:
Yet still she cried, 'Though I shed the tear,
And heave full many a sigh,
Yet ever I'll love thee, youth so dear,
And for thee I will die.'

All this beheard the Baron gay,
In the lone tower where he sat,
And with many a sigh he took his way,
And came to the castle gate.
And there he saw the maiden lay,
By the moat side all forlorn;
And all for the love of a youth so gay,
Who had treated her with scorn.

Her cheek, once red as summer rose,
Now pale as wintry skies;
And wan her cherry lips did close,
That her love did once so prize;
And cold, cold was that lily hand,
That he so oft had prest—
Full many a sigh (as he there did stand)
The Baron's woe confest.

The maiden told her piteous tale,
With many a sigh and tear,
How she for her love, through heat and cold,
Had wander'd far and near.
'Alas! dear maid,' the Baron sigh'd,
Thy tale is sad and sore;
But, charming maid, (full loud he cry'd,)
Thy sorrows now be o'er.

'Yes, maiden, thou no more shalt rove,
No more unhappy stray;
But thou, dear maid, shalt be my love,
My Countess rich and gay.'
The hapless maiden wondering heard
The Baron talk of love;
Yet still, although that Baron she fear'd,
Right faithful did she prove.

'Come, turn to me, and be my love,
And be my lady gay;
And thou no more for scorn shall rove,
So sad, the livelong day:
But thou in robes of gold, my fair!
More bright than day shalt shine—
Come, leave cold woe, and leave despair,
And to my suit incline.

'Fair maidens shall attend on thee,
All fam'd for beauty rare;
Yet, ever sweet maiden, shalt thou be
The fairest of all the fair.
Bright gold and gems from the eastern mine,
Thy grandeur shall proclaim;
But thy bright locks shall the gold outshine,
Thine eyes the jewels shame.'

'Alas!' she cry'd, 'despise a maid
Destin'd with scorn to live;
What though thy grandeur thou'st display'd,
—My heart's not mine to give:
But I must rove, both day and night,
While cold, cold blows the wind;
Nor bless the light that cheers my sight,
Till my own true love I find.'

Then up arose the hapless maid,
And would fain have fled away;
But the wond'ring Baron soft her stay'd,
And thus with joy did say:
'Now Heav'n thee bless, thou faithful dame!
For thy dear constant love!
Mine be the fault, and mine the blame,
That made thee thus to rove.

'I am thy true—but cruel!—love,
Although a Baron born;
And 'twas thy faith, dear maid! to prove,
I let thee rove forlorn.
I from yon tower have heard thy moan,
And it pierc'd me to the heart:
Now take me, dear maiden! I am thy own,
And never more will we part.

'Yon castle, with its wide domain,
Shall be thy dower, my love;
And there like a princess shalt thou reign,
Nor more in misery rove:
But we will live, and love so true,
And with such constancy,
That, if stern death thee first shall slay,
Dear maid! I'll die with thee.'

The maiden blush'd to find her love
A Baron of high fame;—
While fond he cry'd, 'Thy fears remove,
Thy faith my pride doth shame.
Again to thee my troth I plight,
And let thy joy abound;
And bless the light that cheers thy sight,
For thy true love is found.'

The Child of Elle.

ON yonder hill a castle stands,
With walls and towers bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale,
When, lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he hied him thence,
I wis he stood not still,
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hill.

'Now Christ thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christ thee save and see!
Oh tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may the tidings be?'

'My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the tears they fall from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine.

'And here she sends thee a silken scarf
Bedew'd with many a tear,
And bids thee sometimes think on her,
Who loved thee so dear.

'And here she sends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou mayst have,
And bids thee wear it for her sake,
When she is laid in grave.

'For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soon must she be,
Since her father hath chose her a new love,
And forbid her to think of thee.

'Her father hath brought her a churlish knight,
Sir John of the north country,
And within three days she must him wed,
Or he vows he will her slay.'

'Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy Lady from me,
And tell her that I her own true love
Will die, or set her free.

'Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair lady know
This night will I be at her bower-window,
Betide me weal or woe.'

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
He neither stint nor stay'd
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
When, kneeling down, he said,

'O Lady, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by me;
This night will he be at thy bower-window,
And die or set thee free.'

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,
All save the Lady Emmeline,
Who sat in her bower to weep.

And soon she heard her true love's voice
Low whispering at the wall,
'Awake, awake, my dear Lady,
'Tis I, thy true love, call.

'Awake, awake, my Lady dear,
Come, mount this fair palfray:
This ladder of ropes will let thee down,
I'll carry thee hence away.'

'Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not be;
For aye should I teint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.'

'O lady, thou with a knight so true
Mayst safely wend alone,
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one.'

'My father he is a Baron bold,
Of lineage proud and high;
And what would he say if his daughter
Away with a knight should fly?

'Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meat should do him no good,
Till he had slain thee, Child of Elle,
And seen thy dear heart's blood.'

'O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall.'

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seiz'd her lily-white hand,
And down the ladder he drew;

And thrice he clasp'd her to his breast,
And kiss'd her tenderly:
The tears that fell from her fair eyes
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on a fair palfray,
And slung his bugle about his neck,
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damsel,
In her bed whereas she lay,
Quoth she, My lord shall know of this,
So I shall have gold and fee.

'Awake, awake, thou Baron bold!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fled with the Child of Elle,
To do the deed of shame.'

The Baron he woke, the Baron he rose,
And call'd his merry men all:
'And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,
Thy lady is carried to thrall.'

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the down.

And foremost came the churlish knight,
Sir John of the north countray:
'Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,
Nor carry that lady away.

For she is come of high lineage,
And was of a lady born,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's son,
To carry her hence to scorn.'

'Now, loud thou liest, Sir John the knight,
Now thou doest lie of me;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
So never did none by thee.

'But light now down, my lady fair,
Light down, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed:

'But light now down, my dear lady!
Light down, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try our valour's force.'

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While 'twixt her love, and the churlish knight
Past many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,
As his weapon he wav'd amain,
That soon he had slain the churlish knight,
And laid him upon the plain:

And now the Baron and all his men,
Full fast approached nigh,
Ah! what may lady Emmeline do?
'Twere now no boot to fly.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding over the hill.

'Now hold thy hand, thou bold Baron,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true-love's band.

'Thy daughter I have dearly lov'd
Full long and many a day,
But with such love as holy kirk
Hath freely said we may.

'O give consent she may be mine,
And bless a faithful pair:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage fair:

'My mother she was an Earl's daughter,
A noble knight my sire.'——
The Baron he frown'd, and turn'd away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

'Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me:
Trust me, but for the churlish knight,
I ne'er had fled from thee.

Oft have you call'd your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy!'

The Baron he stroak'd his dark brown cheek,
And turn'd his head aside,
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
And mus'd a little space;
Then rais'd fair Emmeline from the ground,
With many a fond embrace.

'Here, take her, Child of Elle,' he said,
And gave her lily hand,
'Here, take my dear and only child,
And with her half my land:

'Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injury repair,
In fondness for thy bride!

'And as thou love, and hold her dear,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And now my blessing wend with thee,
My lovely Emmeline!'

Prince Edward

AND

Adam Gordon.

TO Adam Gordon's gloomy haunt
Prince Edward wound his way:
'And could I but meet that bold outlaw,
In the wold where he doth lay!'

Prince Edward boldly wound his way
The briars and bogs among:
'And could I but find that bold outlaw,
His life should not be long.

'For he hath harrow'd merry Hampshire,
And many a spoil possest;
A bolder outlaw than this wight
Ne'er trod by East and West.

'And now come on, my merry men all,
Nor heed the dreary way;
For could I but meet that bold outlaw,
Full soon I would him slay.

'And when we meet in hardy fight,
Let no one come between;
For Adam o'Gordon's as brave a man
As ever fought on green.'

Then spake a knight, ' It may be long
Ere Gordon you shall find;
For he doth dwell in a dreary haunt,
Remote from human kind.

' Among the wolds and deep morass
His lodging he hath ta'en;
And never that wand'ring-wight went in,
That ere came out again.

' So dark, so narrow, and so drear,
The windings all about,
That scarce the birds that skim the air
Can find their way throughout.'

Prince Edward drew his dark brown sword,
And shook his shining lance:
' And rather I'd fight this bold outlaw,
Than all the peers of France.'

Prince Edward grasp'd his buckler strong,
And proudly marched forth:
' And rather I'd conquer this bold outlaw,
Than all the knights of the North.'

And then bespake a valiant knight:
' Now, Prince, thy words make good;
For yonder I see that proud outlaw,
A coming forth the wood.'

Then quick the prince lit off his steed,
And onward wound his way:
' Now stand ye by, my merry men all,
And ye shall see brave play.'

Brave Adam o'Gordon saw the prince,
As he came forth the wold;
And soon he knew him by his shield,
And his banners all of gold.

'Arouse,' he cried, 'my merry men all,
And stand ye well your ground;
For yonder great prince Edward comes,
For valour so renown'd.'

'Now, welcome, welcome, Adam Gordon,
I'm glad I have thee found;
For many a day I've sought for thee,
Through all the country round.'

'Now here I swear,' brave Adam cried,
'Had I but so been told,
I would have met thee long ere now,
In city or in wold.'

O then began as fierce a fight
As ere was fought in field;
The Prince was stout, the outlaw strong,
Their hearts with courage steel'd.

Full many an hour in valiant fight
These chieftains bold did close;
Full many an hour the hills and woods
Re-echoed with their blows.

Full many a warrior stood around
That marvellous fight to see,
While from their wounds the gushing blood
Ran like the fountain free.

Thrice they agreed, o'erspent with toil,
To cease their sturdy blows;
And thrice they stopp'd to quench their thirst,
And wipe their bloody brows.

Edward aye lov'd that bravery
Which Adam prov'd in fight,
And, with congenial virtue fir'd,
Resolv'd to do him right.

'Adam, thy valour charms my soul,
I ever love the brave:
And though I fear not thy dread sword,
Thy honour I would save.

'Here, Gordon, do I plight my hand,
My honour and renown,
That, if thou to my sword wilt yield,
And my allegiance own——

'But more,—if thou wilt be my friend,
And faithful share my heart,
I'll ever prove gentle unto thee—
We never more will part.

'Thou in the raging battle's hour,
Shall aye fight by my side,
And at my table and my court,
In time of peace preside.

'When prosperous fate shall gild my throne,
Thou shalt partake my joy;
When troubles low'r, to soothe thy prince
Shall be thy sole employ.

'And I to thee the same will prove,
A gentle bosom friend;
In joy to share thy happiness,
In woe thy care to end.

'Now, Adam, take thy lasting choice,
Thy Prince awaits thy word:
Accept, brave man! my smile or frown—
My friendship or my sword.'

Brave Adam, struck with wonder, gaz'd—
He sigh'd at every word;
Then, falling quick upon his knee,
He gave the prince his sword.

Upon the warrior's dark brown cheek
A tear was seen to shine—
He laid his hand upon his heart—
Brave Edward, I am thine.'

The pitying Prince the warrior rais'd,
And press'd him to his heart;
'Adam, thy Prince will be thy friend,'
We never more will part.'

A shouting from their followers by
Proclaim'd the joyful sound;
The hills and woodlands, echoing loud,
Dispers'd the tidings round.

The Prince then made that brave outlaw
On his own steed to ride,
With banners rich and trappings gay,
And he rode by his side.

And when with shouts to Guilford town
This noble train came on,
O'erjoy'd, our royal Queen came forth,
To meet her warlike son.—

'Fair son, fair son, more dear to me,
Than all that life can give,
Full many a day the loss of thee
Hath caus'd my heart to grieve.

'And whence that stain upon thy shield?
That blood upon thy brow?
Oh! thou hast had some desperate fight,
And didst not let me know.

'Was it among the rebel host
Thy sword hath got this stain?
And are their banners overthrown?
And proud Earl Derby slain?

'Or is't where Kenilworth's proud tow'rs
O'erlook the neighbour plain,
That thou hast rear'd thy conquering arms,
And fix'd thy father's reign?'

'Oh! I've not been where Derby's Earl
The rebel cause upholds;
But I've o'ercome a braver man,
'Mong forests, bogs, and wolds.

'Nor have I seen proud Kenilworth,
With towers all arow;
But I've o'ercome a braver man
Than Kenilworth ere did know.

'Adam o'Gordon is that man,
A braver ne'er was seen'—
Then took the warrior by the hand,
And led him to the Queen.

And there the Gordon was caress'd,
With tilts and revelry;
And none in all the tournaments,
Was found with him to vie.

Where'er the royal Edward fought,
Brave Gordon aye would wend;
And Edward, like a noble Prince,
Was ever Gordon's friend.

Cumnor Hall.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
(The sounds of busy life were still)
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester, she cried, 'is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immur'd in shameful privity?

'No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once-beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear (stern Earl)'s the same to thee.

'Not so the usage I receiv'd,
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me griev'd,
No chilling fears did me appal.

'I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

'If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despis'd;
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where (scornful Earl) it well was priz'd?

'And when you to me first made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest—pluck'd the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

'Yes, now neglected and despis'd,
The rose is pale—the lily's dead—
But he that once their charms so priz'd,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

'For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay—
What flow'ret can endure the storm?

'At court (I'm told) is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare;
That eastern flow'rs that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

'Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the bed
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken—when those guades are by?

''Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flow'rs are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

'But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong)
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

'Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injur'd surely may repine)
Why did thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

'Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

'The village maidens of the plain,
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

'The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate—
—To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
—To be content—than to be great.

'How far less blest am I than them?
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that from its stem
Divided—feels the chilling air.

'Nor (cruel Earl!) can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

'Last night, as sad I chanc'd to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
Countess, prepare—thy end is near.

'And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save philomel on yonder thorn.

'My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

Thus sore and sad that Lady griev'd,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heav'd,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aërial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient mossgrown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wand'ring onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall!

The Friar of Orders Gray.

IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

'Now, Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see?'

'And how should I know your true love,
From many another one?'
'O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

'But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks, that sweetly curl'd,
And eyes of lovely blue.'

'O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

'Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And plaining of her pride.

'Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.'

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me!—
Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.'

'O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er won lady's love.

'And now, alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll evermore weep and sigh:
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.'

'Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For, violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

'Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.'

'O! say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

'And will he ne'er more come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

'His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comeliest youth was he:—
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!'

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

'Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.'

'Now, say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so!
My love he had the truest heart:
O, he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

'But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.'—

'Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.'

'O! stay me not, thou holy friar;
O stay me not, I pray!
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true-love appears.

'Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

'But haply (for my year of grace
Is not yet past away,)
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.'

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart:
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.'

Hume and Murray;

OR,

FAIR ROSALINE's ESCAPE.

STOUT Hume, he dwelt in fair Scotland,
A worthy wight was he;
Whene'er he rais'd his burnish'd brand,
He caus'd his foes to flee.

And yet he was in prime of youth,
Of years scant twenty-five;
In deeds of war, to say the truth,
He fear'd no man alive.

Of years scant twenty-five was he,
And comely was his face;
His yellow locks, in ringlets free,
Hung down his neck with grace.

Blue were his eyes, and streams of fire,
When angry, from them came;
Not so when urg'd by soft desire,
He wooed the yielding dame.

His cheeks were red, for health was there
And taught the blood to flow;
His limbs were strong, yet light as air
He chas'd the bounding roe.

Stout Hume to youthful Murray said,
'My soul is sick with love;
I'm vanquish'd by an English maid;
Thy faith I mean to prove:

'Oft hast thou told me, trust my aid,
In any bold emprize'—
Quoth Murray, 'what he once hath said,
Accurs'd be who denies!

'The word which once I promis'd have,
I still will keep to death:
Thou shalt not frown upon my grave;
I'm thine while I have breath.'

'Then saddle straight thy dapple steed,
And take thy bow in hand;
While I, to serve in time of need,
Gird on my trusty brand.

'And let us straight to Langley's haste,
A churlish knight, and bold;
Fair Rosaline, his daughter chaste,
Is she I long to enfold.

'He is a knight of Percy's train;
And, when a hostage there,
I strove fair Rosaline to gain,
But he refus'd my prayer.

'O Rosaline! how passing fair,
How beautiful art thou!
Like clust'ring blossoms waves thy hair
Upon the summer bough.

'Thy forehead mocks the mountain-snow,
Thy lips the scarlet thread;
Thy cheeks, where blooming roses grow,
Is Cupid's fragrant bed.

'In her sweet eyes his form he shrouds,
And whets his darts of war;
Her eyebrows are the heav'nly clouds
Whence breaks the morning star.

'Her teeth the iv'ry laugh to scorn;
Her neck the crystal clear,
Through which, in azure channels borne,
The streams of life appear.

'The down of whitest swans 'twere shame
To say her breast exceeds;
Its swelling orbs the tender flame
Of love and virtue feeds.'

'Why sit we here,' quoth Murray, 'then,
And spend our time in words?
Let us together call our men,
And bid them take their swords.'

'Nay, Murray, nay, but thou and I
Must do this deed alone?'
'Let us,' brave Murray answered, 'fly,
The deed it shall be done.'

Each mounted then his dapple steed,
They left the Scotish strand;
Through Langly's wood they now proceed,
In fair Northumberland.

They reach'd the gate at morning tide,
The gate of Langley place;
When, through a window Rosaline spy'd
Her stately lover's pace.

'What light dispels the morning gloom!
'Tis she! my love! 'tis she!'
Then to the ditch-side hasted Hume,
And lowly bent his knee.

With speed she through the window past,
And lit upon the ground;
While Hume he cross'd the ditch with haste,
He did not stay to sound.

He bore her down the bank so steep,
He wanted not a guide;
He cross'd the ditch, both wide and deep,
And landed on t'other side.

They spurr'd their dapple steeds along,
Their steeds outstript the wind;
And soon was Langley's castle strong
Full many a mile behind.

'Langley, awake!' the porter cries,
Your daughter is fled away;
She is fled with Hume; arise! arise!
Pursue without delay!'

Then Langley call'd his four bold sons,
As bold as bold could be;
They spur each steed, which swiftly runs,
And scours across the lee.

They spur their steeds with mickle might,
Till on a rising hill,
They see the lovers full in sight,
Yet onward prick they still.

They see the lovers ford the Tweed,
To whom thus Murray kind,
'Fly on, my friends, with treble speed,
While I remain behind.'

'Nay, Heav'n forefend!' brave Hume replied,
That thou alone should'st stand
I'll fix my feet thy feet beside,
And meet yon hostile band.'

'Fly on, fly on,' bold Murray cries,
'For know, unless I dream,
Unless my bow-string fail, or eyes,
Not one shall cross the stream.'

O, spare my father's valued life!'
Quoth Rosaline, with a sigh;
O, spare my brethren in the strife'—
Quoth Murray, 'none shall die.'

The lovers fled—His bow he drew,
And twang'd with utmost force,
The arrow from the elastic yew
Straight kill'd the foremost horse.

Again he shot, nor miss'd his aim,
Another horse fell dead;
Three more fell flound'ring in the stream,
And then bold Murray fled.

He join'd the lovers in their flight,
The happy deed he told;
Her cheeks warm blushes render bright,
Which fear before made cold.

Blushes of joy her cheeks adorn,
Which Hume with rapture saw;
The priest was called that blessed morn,
And sanction'd love with law.

But Langley and his sons with shame,
From out the water rise;
On foot, and slower then he came,
To Percy now he hies.—

'A boon, Earl Percy, I request;'
'What boon? said Percy, 'then!'
'That all in glitt'ring armour drest,
Invade the Scotish men.

'For Hume, that thief, hath stole my child,
My pleasure and my pride:
He bore her through the marshes wild,
With Murray by his side.

'Who, as we cross'd the Tweed, took aim,
Most like a traitor Scot,
And all our horses in the stream,
With his sharp arrows shot.

'God's blood!' quoth Percy, 'wicked Cain!
To steal thy Rosaline!
Hath Hume thy bonny daughter ta'en?
I would he had taken mine.

'For, though my foe, I love him well,
And prize his martial fire;
Langley, in sooth I shall not mell,
Would he could call me sire!'

Colma.

'TIS night: and on the hill of storms
Alone doth Colma stray;
While round her shriek fantastic forms
Of ghosts, that hate the day.

O'er rocks the torrent roars amain,
The whirlwind's voice is high:
To save her from the wind and rain,
No friendly shelter nigh!

'Rise, moon! kind stars! appear awhile;
And guide me to the place,
Where rests my love, o'ercome with toil,
And wearied with the chase.

'Some light direct me, helpless maid!
Where, sitting on the ground,
His bow unstrung is near him laid,
His panting dogs around:

'Else by the rock, the stream beside,
I here must sit me down;
While howls the wind, and roars the tide,
My lover's call to drown.

'Ah! why, my Salgar! this delay,
Where stray thy lingering feet?
Didst thou not promise in the day
Thy love at night to meet?

'Here is the rock, and here the tree,
Thine own appointed spot;
Thy promise canst thou break with me?
And is my love forgot?

'For thee I'd dare my brother's pride?
My father's house would fly;
For thee, forsake my brother's side;
With thee to live and die.

'Be hush'd, ye winds! how loud ye brawl!
Stream! stand a moment still;
Perhaps my love may hear me call,
Upon the neighbouring hill.

'Ho! Salgar! Salgar! mend thy pace;
To Colma haste away.
'Tis I, and this the appointed place:
Ah! wherefore this delay?

'Kind moon! thou giv'st a friendly light;
And lo! the glassy stream,
And the grey rocks, through dusky night,
Reflect thy silver beam.

'Yet I descry not Salgar's form;
No dogs before him run.—
Shall I not perish by the storm,
Before to-morrow's sun?

'But what behold I, on the heath?
My love! my brother! laid—
O speak, my friends! nor hold your breath,
To' affright a trembling maid.

'They answer not—they sleep—they're dead—
Alas! the horrid sight—
Here lie their angry swords, still red,
And bleeding from the fight.

'Ah! wherefore lies, by Salgar slain,
My brother bleeding here?
Why Salgar murder'd on the plain,
By one to me so near?

' Friends of my choice! how lov'd were both!
Who now your fame shall raise?
Who sing my lover's plighted troth;
My brother's song of praise?

' Of thousands lovely, Salgar's face
Was loveliest to the sight:
Renown'd my brother for the chase,
And terrible in fight.

' Sons of my love! speak once again—
Ah no! to death a prey,
Silent they are, and must remain;
For cold their breasts of clay.

' But ere their floating spirits fled,
Across the plain so soon,
Or shun the shadows of the dead
The glimpses of the moon———

' Speak, where on rock, or mountain grave,
Still clash your souls of fire?
Or, reconcil'd, in some dark cave
Your peaceful ghosts retire?

' Ah! where her friends shall Colma find?
Hark——No——they're silent still—
No muttering answer brings the wind:
No whisper o'er the hill.

' Fearless, yet overwhelm'd with grief,
I sit all night in tears;
Hopeless of comfort or relief,
When morning light appears!

' Yet raise, ye friends of these the dead,
On this sad spot their tomb;
But close not up their narrow bed,
Till hapless Colma come.—

'For why behind them should we stay,
Whose life is now a dream?
Together here our corses lay,
Beside the murmuring stream!

'So shall my shivering ghost be seen,
Lamenting o'er the slain;
As homeward hies the hunter keen,
Benighted on the plain.

'Yet shall he, fearless, pass along,
And lend his listening ear,
For sweet, though sad, shall be my song
For friends I lov'd so dear!'

The Death of the Sutherlands.

FROM Caledonia's distant bounds,
Beyond the Murray firth,
Where Scotish men, with warlike sounds
Join dance, and song, and mirth.

There came the lord of Sutherland,
A youth tall, fair, and free;
His race was aye a gallant band,
A gallant youth was he.

He lov'd his king, his country lov'd;
A trusty blade he bore
To smite their foes, by fear unmov'd;
Their foes him dreaded sore.

Yet gentle was he, too, and kind,
As kindest friend might be;
For still in bravest souls, we find,
Dwells sweet humanity.

A youth so brave, a youth so mild,
What lady would not love?
Where'er he came, whene'er he smil'd,
In vain the fair-ones strove

To quench the soft, but dangerous flame
That in their bosoms glow'd:
The kindling blush, that went and came,
The secret flame still show'd.

Amid the rest, a lovely maid,
Maria hight, was seen;
Lovely her looks, her manners staid,
But most her mind, I ween,

Did take who saw, meek was that mind,
As meekest infant's smiles;
And wise as age, nor yet inclin'd
To cunning that beguiles.

Nor art nor cunning needed she,
Her soul was filled with grace;
Sincerely good, and nobly free,
Her soul beam'd in her face.

In destin'd hour young Sutherland
Beheld the beauteous maid;
Her beauty could his youth withstand,
Such beauty so array'd?

Ah, no! her charms, by Virtue drest,
Did seize the hero's heart;
He lov'd, he courted, he was blest—
Death only could them part.—

Midst all that worth and wealth combin'd,
Which friends and fame confer;
Of pleasure on the feeling mind,
Did live this happy pair.

Their happiness to crown, kind heav'n
Two pretty babes did lend;
Lent was the blessing, not so giv'n
But for it heav'n might send.

And send heav'n did, ere long, for part,
The eldest was recall'd;
Both parents sorely rued the smart,
The smart them both appall'd.

Now first appall'd, our warrior brave
Sunk down in deep dismay;
And oft he view'd his darling's grave,
His darling torn away.

Till heavy thoughts, revolv'd too oft,
Oppress'd the springs of life;
His strength decay'd, his soul was soft,
It bow'd beneath the strife.

His friends to flee the scene of grief
Their prudent counsel gave;
(From objects new we meet relief)
All sought the youth to save.

Bath's balmy waters gently stream'd,
Their genial aid to give;
Each joy-inspiring naiad seem'd
To bid the warrior live.

Nathless the lurking sickness gains
Fast on his weaken'd frame;
Till, grown more bold, increasing pains
Reveal'd the fever's flame.

Full thirty days and thirty nights
Maria tends his bed,
To her what are the world's delights,
While there her lord is laid?

To lull his anguish, calm his mind,
And hand the healing dose,
Was all her care: for this she pin'd,
For this she lost repose.

At length her pious care prevail'd,
To quell the fierce disease—
Might he but live, whate'er else fail'd,
She reck'd not; pain would please.—

Ah me! what tidings do I hear?
'She sickens, faints, and dies:
Outworn with watching, grief, and fear,
She falls a sacrifice.'

Hush! hide the woeful chance, look gay,
And closest silence keep;
Or smiling, spite of sorrow, say,
'The lady is asleep.'

Say so next day, try every art—
But ev'ry art is vain:
Prolong'd suspense, the wishing heart
Refuseth to sustain.

'Where is Maria dear,' he cries,
'My charmer, where is she,
'Whose looks were wont to cheer my eyes?
Why doth she fly from me?

'Go, bring her; say, poor Sutherland,
Bereav'd of her, must die:
Make haste—why do ye speechless stand?
What means that sudden sigh?

'Alas! alas! Maria's gone;
I will not here abide;
We cannot part; we still are one'—
He said, then groan'd, and died.

The Bridal Bed.

IT was a maid of low degree,
Sat on her true-love's grave;
And with her tears most piteously
The green turf she did lave;

She strewed the flowers, she pluck'd the weed,
And showers of tears she shed:
'Sweet turf!' she said, 'by fate decreed,
To be my bridal bed.

'I've set thee, flower; for that the flower
Of manhood lieth here;
And watered thee, with plenteous showers
Of many a briny tear.'

And still she cried—'Oh stay, my love,
My true-love! stay for me;
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.'

'I pluck'd thee, weed! for that no weed
Did in his bosom glow;
But sweetest flowers, from virtue's seed,
Did there spontaneous blow:

But, ah! their beauteous tints no more
A balmy fragrance shed:
And I must strew this meaner flower,
To deck my bridal bed!

'Sweet turf! thy green more green appears,
Tears make thy verdure so!
Then thee I'll water with my tears,
Which now profusely flow.

O! stay for me, departed youth!
My true-love! stay for me!
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.

'This is the blooming wreath he wore,
To deck his bride, dear youth!
And this the ring, with which my love
To me did plight his truth;

And this dear ring I was to keep,
And with it to be wed:
But here, alas! I sigh and weep
To deck my bridal bed!'

A blithesome Knight came riding by,
And, as the bright moon shone,
He saw her on the green turf lie,
And heard her piteous moan—

For loud she call'd—'Oh stay, my love!
My true-love, stay for me!
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.'

'O say,' he said, 'fair maiden, say,
What cause doth work thy woe,
That on a cold grave thou dost lay,
And fast thy tears o'erflow?'

'Oh I have cause to weep for woe,
For my true-love is dead!
And thus, while fast my tears o'erflow,
To deck my bridal bed.'

'Be calm, fair maid!' the Knight replied,
'Thou art too young to die;
Then go with me and be my bride,
And leave the old to sigh.'

But still she call'd—' Oh stay, my love!
My true love, stay for me!
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee!'

' Oh leave,' he cried, ' this grief so cold,
And leave this dread despair,
And thou shalt flaunt, in robes of gold,
A lady rich and fair;

Thou shalt have halls and castles, clear;
And when, sweet maid! we wed,
O! thou shalt find much costly gear
To deck thy bridal bed.'

' Ah! hold thy peace, too cruel Knight,
Nor urge me to despair;
With thee my troth I will not plight,
For all thy proffers fair:

But I will die, with my own true-love!—
My true-love stay for me!
Stay, till I deck my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee!

Both halls and castles I despise:
This turf is all I crave:
For all my hopes, and all my joys,
Lay buried in this grave!

I want nor gold nor costly gear,
Now my true-love is dead;
But fading flower, and scalding tear,
To deck my bridal bed.'

Oh! be my bride, thou weeping fair!
Oh! be my bride, I pray?
And I will build a tomb most rare,
Where thy true-love shall lay!'

Still, still with tears, she cried, ' My love,
My true-love, stay for me!
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.

' My love—he needs no tomb so rare!
In one green grave we'll lie;
Our carved works—of flowrets fair,
Our canopy—the sky.

Now go, Sir Knight, go now thy ways,
Full soon I shall be dead;
But yet return, in some few days,
And deck my bridal bed:

' Then strew the flower, and pluck the thorn,
And cleanse the turf, I pray!
So may some hand thy turf adorn,
When thou in grave shall lay.

But stay, oh thou whom dear I love!
My true-love! stay for me!—
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.'

' No, maid, I will not go my ways,
And leave thee here alone;
Nor, while despair upon thee preys,
Neglect thy woeful moan:

But I will stay, and share thy woe;
My tears with thine I'll shed;
And help thee pluck the flower, to strow
O'er thy sad bridal bed.'

Now from the church came forth the Priest,
Whose midnight chaunt was done,
And much the hapless maid he prest
To cease her piteous moan:

For still she cried—' Oh stay, my love!
My true-love, stay for me!
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.'

' O kneel with me,' he said, ' dear maid,
O kneel in holy prayer!
Haply, kind Heaven may vouch thee aid,
And soothe thy sad despair.'

I blame not Heaven!' the maid replied,
But mourn my true-love—dead!
And on his green grave still abide,
For 'tis my bridal bed!'

The hapless maid knelt down, for fear
Lest holy man should blame;
But still, with ev'ry hallow'd prayer,
She sigh'd her true-love's name!

Still soft she cried—' O stay, my love!
My true-love, stay for me!
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.'

' Enough! enough, thou much-tried dear!'
The weeping Knight exclaim'd:
' Enough! I've tried thee, matchless fair!
And be the trial blam'd.

I am thy love, thy own true-love,
And I am come to wed;
Nor shall this turf thy green grave prove,
Nor be thy bridal bed.

' I am a Knight of noble fame,
And thou of low degree;
So, like a shepherd, poor I came
To prove thy constancy.'

But she, with woe forlorn, still cried
'My true-love! stay for me;
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed!
And I will follow thee.'

'Enough! enough, thou too-tried maid!'
Again the Knight exclaim'd;
'See at thy feet thy true-love laid,
Of all his guile asham'd.

Forgive me, Maid—my love now prove—
O! let us instant wed;
And thou with tears of joy, my love!
Shall deck thy bridal bed.'

'And art thou *him?*' exclaim'd the maid—
'And dost *thou* live?' she cried:
'Too cruel love?' she faintly said,
Then wrung his hand—and died!

'Stay!' (cried the Knight, all woe-begone)
'Now stay, my love! for *me!*—
Stay till I've deck'd our bridal bed!
And I will follow *thee!*'

In vain the priest, with holy lore,
By turns did soothe and chide;
The Knight, distracted, wept full sore,
And on the green turf—died.

Now underneath—may Heaven them save!—
The lovers both are laid;
And thus, indeed, the green-turf grave
Became their bridal bed.

The Red-Cross Knight.

PART I.

'BLOW, warder! blow thy sounding horn,
And thy banner wave on high;
For the Christians have fought in the holy land,
And have won the victory!'
Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
And his banner wav'd on high:
'Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily.'

Then bright the castle banners shone
On every tower on high,
And all the minstrels sang aloud
For the Christians' victory:
And loud the warder blew his horn,
On every turret high,—
'Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily.'

The warder he look'd from the tower on high,
As far as he could see:
'I see a bold Knight! and by his red cross,
He comes from the East country.'
Then loud that warder blew his horn;
And call'd, till he was hoarse,
'There comes a bold Knight, and on his shield bright
He beareth a flaming cross.'

Then down the lord of the castle came
The Red-cross Knight to meet,
And when the Red-cross Knight he spied,
Right loving he did him greet:
'Thou'rt welcome here, Sir Red-cross Knight,
For thy fame's well known to me!
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung
And we'll feast right merrily.'

'Oh! I am come from the holy land,
Where Christ did live and die;
Behold the device I bear on my shield,
The Red-cross Knight am I:
And we have fought in the holy land,
And we've won the victory;
For with valiant might did the Christians fight,
And made the proud Pagans fly.'

'Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red-cross Knight!
Come, lay thy armour by;
And, for the good tidings thou dost bring,
We'll feast us merrily:
For all in my castle shall rejoice,
That we've won the victory;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung
And the feast eat merrily!'

'Oh, I cannot stay,' cried the Red-cross Knight,
'But must go to my own country;
Where manors and castles will be my reward,
And all for my bravery.'
'Oh! say not so, thou Red-cross Knight!
But if you'll bide with me,
With manors so wide, and castles beside,
I'll honour thy bravery.'

'I cannot stay,' cried the Red-cross Knight,
'Nor can I bide with thee;
But I must haste to my king and his knights,
Who 're waiting to feast with me.'
'Oh! mind them not, dear Red-cross Knight!
But stay and feast with me;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
And we'll banquet merrily.'

'I cannot stay,' cried the Red-cross Knight,
'Nor can I feast with thee:
But I must haste to a pleasant bower,
Where a lady's waiting for me!'
'O say not so, dear Red-cross Knight,
Nor heed that fond lady;
For she can't compare with my daughter so rare,
And she shall attend on thee.'

'Now must I go,' said the Red-cross Knight,
'For that lady I'm to wed,
And the feast-guests and bride-maids all are met,
And prepar'd the bridal bed!
'Now nay, now nay, thou Red-cross Knight,
My daughter shall wed with thee;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we'll feast right merrily!'

And now the silver lute's sweet sound,
Re-echo'd through the hall,
And in that lord's fair daughter came,
With her ladies clad in pall;
That lady was deck'd in costly robes,
And shone as bright as day,
And with courtesy sweet the knight she did greet,
And prest him for to stay.

'Right welcome, brave Sir Red-cross Knight!
Right welcome unto me:
And here I hope long time thou'lt stay,
And bear us company;
And for thy exploits in the holy land,
That hath gained us the victory,
The mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
And we'll feast right merrily.'

'Though ever thou press me, lady fair!
I cannot stay with thee.'
That lady frown'd, to hear that knight
So slight her courtesy.
'It grieves me much thou lady fair,
That here I cannot stay,
For a beauteous lady is waiting for me,
Whom I've not seen many a day.'

'Now fie on thee, uncourteous knight,
Thou shouldst not say me nay:
As for the lady that's waiting for thee,
Go see her another day.
So say no more, but stay brave knight,
And bear us company;
And the mass shall be sung,and the bells shall be rung
And we'll feast right merrily.'

PART II.

AND, as the lady press'd the knight,
With her ladies clad in pall;
Oh! then bespake a pilgrim-boy,
As he stood in the hall.
'Now Christ thee save, Sir Red-cross Knight,
I'm come from the north country;
Where a lady is laid all on her death bed,
And evermore calls for thee.'

'Alas! alas! thou pilgrim-boy,
Sad news thou tellest me;
Now must I ride full hastily,
To comfort that dear lady!'
'Oh—heed him not!' the ladies cried,
'But send a page to see;
While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,
And we feast merrily.'

Again bespake the pilgrim-boy,
'Ye need not send to see:
For know, Sir Knight, that lady's dead,
And died for love of thee!'
Oh! then the Red-cross Knight was pale,
And not a word could say!
But his heart did swell, and his tears down fell,
And he almost swoon'd away.

'Now fie on thee thou weakly knight,
To weep for a lady dead:
Were I a noble knight like thee,
I'd find another to wed.
So, come cheer and comfort thy heart,
And be good company;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
And we'll feast thee merrily.'

In vain that wily lady strove,
The sorrowing knight to cheer,
Each word he answered with a groan,
Each soothing with a tear.
'And now farewell thou noble lord,
And farewell lady fair!
In pleasure and joy your hours employ,
Nor think of my despair.

'And where is her grave?' cried the Red-cross Knight,
The grave where she doth lay!
'Oh, I know it well,' cried the pilgrim-boy,
'And I'll shew thee on the way.'
The knight was sad, the pilgrim sigh'd,
While the warder loud did cry,
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily.

Meanwhile arose the lord's daughter,
And to her ladies did call,
Oh! what shall we say, to stay the knight,
For he must not leave the hall!
For much that lady was in love,
With the gallant Red-cross Knight;
And ere many a day, with this knight so gay,
Had hoped her troth to plight.

'Oh!' then bespake these ladies gay,
As they stood clad in pall,
'Oh! we'll devise how to make this knight,
Stay in the castle hall.'
'Now that's well said, my ladies dear;
And if he'll stay with me,
Then the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
And we'll feast right merrily.'

Then softly spake those ladies fair,
Low whispering at the wall,
'Oh, we've devised how to keep the knight,
In thy fair castle hall:
Now, lady, command the warder blithe,
To come from yon tower high,
With tidings to say to inveigle away
Yon wily pilgrim-boy!'

'Go, run! go run, my foot-page dear,
To the warder take thy way,
And one of my ladies shall go with thee,
To tell thee what to say:
And now if we can but compel the knight,
To stay in the castle with me,
Then the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we'll all feast merrily.

The warder came, and blew his horn,
And thus aloud did cry,
'Ho! is there a pilgrim in the hall,
Come from the north country?
For there's a foot-page waits without,
To speak with him alone,'
Thus the warder did call till out of the hall,
The pilgrim-boy is gone.

Meanwhile bespake the ladies gay,
As they stood clad in pall,
'Right glad, brave knight, we welcome thee,
Unto our castle hall.
But the knight he heeded not their talk,
Although they cried with glee,
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And feast thee merrily.

'But where's the pilgrim-boy,' he cried,
'To shew me my lady's grave?'
That he should be sought for throughout the place,
The knight full oft did crave.
Then loud replied the ladies gay,
'Now foul that knave befall;
For lucre he hath beguiled thee,
And now hath fled the hall.'

'And now, Sir Knight, do not give heed
To what he said to thee,
But send a page to the north country,
That lady fair to see;
And, while he's gone to comfort her,
Oh! thou shalt share our glee;
While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,
And the feast eat merrily.

But while those ladies, blithe and gay,
Attuned their lutes to joy,
The knight was sad, and search'd around,
To find the pilgrim-boy:
He search'd the castle all about,
Through every turn and wind,
But all in vain his toil and pain,
The pilgrim-boy to find.

In vain the lord's fair daughter sent,
Her messengers to call
The knight, he would not heed their words,
Nor enter the castle hall.
In vain the wanton ladies sung,
And clamorous warders cry,—
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily.

Oh! then bespake those ladies gay,
As they stood clad in pall,
Weep not, weep not, dear lady,
Though he'll not enter the hall;
But send to the warder from the tower
To bring the pilgrim-boy,
Whom we'll persuade to lend his aid,
This proud knight to decoy.

'We'll make that boy, on pain of death,
The Red-cross Knight deceive:
So that no more on his account,
The fair young knight shall grieve,
And then we'll keep the Red-cross Knight,
To bear us company;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we will feast merrily.'

PART III.

AND now 'twas night, all dark and drear,
And cold cold blew the wind,
While the Red-cross Knight sought all about,
The pilgrim-boy to find.
And still he wept, and still he sigh'd,
As he mourn'd his lady dear!—
And where's the feast; and where's the guest
Thy bridal bed to cheer?'

Again he sigh'd; and wept forlorn,
For his lady that was dead!—
'Lady, how sad thy wedding-tide!
How cold thy bridal bed!'
Thus the Red-cross Knight roam'd sore and sad,
While all around did cry,
Let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'yring,
And the feast be eat merrily.'

And now the gentle moon around
Her silver lustre shed,
Brightened each ancient wall and tower,
And distant mountain's head;
By whose sweet light the knight perceiv'd,
(A sight which gave him joy!)
From a dungeon dread, the warder led,
The faithful pilgrim-boy!

In vain the warder strove to hide
The pilgrim-boy from him:
The knight he ran and clasp'd the youth,
In spite of the warder grim.
The warder, though wrath, his banner wav'd:
And still aloud did cry,
Let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'yring.
And the feast eat merrily.

'I'm glad I've found thee, pilgrim-boy,
And thou shalt go with me;
And thou shalt lead to my lady's grave,
And great thy reward shall be.
The affrighted pilgrim wrung his hands,
And shed full many a tear:—
'Her grave!' he cried, and mournful sigh'd,
'I dread's—not far from here!'

The knight he led the pilgrim-boy,
Into the castle hall,
Where sat the lord, and his daughter fair,
And the ladies clad in pall.
'I go!' he cried, 'with the pilgrim-boy,
So think no more of me,
But let your minstrels sing, and your bells all ring,
And feast ye merrily.'

Up then arose the lord's daughter,
And call'd to the pilgrim-boy—
'Oh come to me! for I've that to say
Will give to thee much joy.'
Full loth the pilgrim was to go,
Full loath from the knight to part:
And, lo! out of spite, with a dagger bright
She hath stab'd him to the heart.

'Why art thou pale, thou pilgrim-boy?'
The knight, all wondering cried,
'Why dost thou faint, thou pilgrim-boy,
When I am by thy side?'
'Oh! I am stab'd, dear Red-cross Knight,
Yet grieve not thou for me;
But let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'yring,
And feast thee merrily.'

The knight he ran and clasp'd the youth,
And ope'd his pilgrim-vest;
And, lo! it was his lady fair,
His lady dear, he press'd!
Her lovely breast, like ermine white,
Was panting with the fright;
Her dear heart's blood, in crimson flood,
Ran pouring in his sight.

'Grieve not for me, my faithful knight!'
The lady, faint, did cry;
'I'm well content, my faithful knight,
Since in thy arms I die!
Then comfort thee, my constant love!
Nor think thee more of me;
But let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'yring,
And feast thee merrily.

'Like pilgrim-boy I've follow'd thee,
In truth, full cheerfully;
Resolv'd, if thou shouldst come to ill,
Dear knight! to die with thee:
And much I fear'd, some wily fair
Would keep thee from my sight;
And, by her bright charms, lure from my arms,
My dear lov'd Red-cross Knight!'

'Oh Heaven forfend!' the knight replied,
That thou shouldst die for me;
But if so hapless is thy fate,
Thy knight will die with thee!'
'Oh say not so! for, well my knight
Hath prov'd his love to me!
But let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'yring,
And feast thee merrily.'

The knight he press'd her to his heart,
And bitterly he sigh'd:
The lovely lady strove to cheer,
Till, in his arms, she died!
The knight he laid her corpse adown,
And his deadly sword drew forth;
Then look'd he around and grimly frown'd,
All woe-begone with wrath.

'Oh then bespake the ladies fair,
As they stood clad in pall,
'Oh! this will be our burial place
That was our castle hall.—
No more, to our silver lute's sweet sound,
Shall we dance with revelry;
Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
Nor the feast be eat merrily!.

Then up arose the lord's daughter,
And never a word spake she,
But quick upon the knight's drawn sword
She flung her frantically:
The knight to his own dear lady turn'd,
And laid him by her side,
With tears embrac'd her bleeding corpse,
Sigh'd her dear name—and died!

Oh! then bespake the' affrighted lord,
And full of woe spake he,
' Foul! fall the hour this Red-cross Knight
Did come to visit me!
For now no more will my daughter fair
Rejoice my guests and me,
Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
Nor the feast held merrily.

And then he spake to the ladies fair,
As they stood clad in pall,
' Lo! this thy lady's burial place,
That was her castle hall!
Oh then be warn'd, from her sad fate,
And hate the wanton love;
But in him confide who for thee died
And now sits thron'd above.

' Warder, no more resound thy horn,
Nor thy banner wave on high;
Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
Nor the feast eat merrily.'
No more the warder blows his horn,
Nor his banner waves on high,
Nor the mass is sung, nor the bells 'yrung,
Nor the feast eat merrily.

Athelgiba.

There remains a tradition [observes Mr. *Watkins*, the writer of the following Legendary Tale], that the Abbey of Whitby, on the North coast of Yorkshire, was despoiled during the depredations of the Danes, under the command of Ingua and Hubba, who brought with them the standard on which was embroidered a Golden Raven, (the work of their sisters,) and which was reserved as the palladium of their security. Edelsteda, who is mentioned in the first stanza, is represented to have been the daughter of Oswin, King of Northumberland, and resided in the Abbey of Whitby. This sanctuary was founded by St. Hilda, sister of King Edwin.

'HERE mayst thou rest, my sister dear!
Securely here abide,
Where royal Edelsteda liv'd,
Where pious Hilda died.

'Here peace and quiet ever dwell!
Here dread no dire alarms:
Nor here is heard the trumpet's sound,
Nor here the din of arms!'—

With voice compos'd and look serene,
Whilst soft her hand he press'd,
The maid, who trembled on his arm,
Young Edwy thus address'd.

Blue gleam'd the steel in Edwy's hand,
The warrior's vest he bore;
For now the Danes, by Hubba led,
Had ravag'd half the shore.

His summons, at the Abbey gate,
The ready porter hears:
And soon, in veil and holy garb,
The abbess kind appears.

'O take this virgin to thy care!
Good angels be your guard;
And may the saints, in heaven above,
The pious care reward!—

'Know then, by fierce barbarian bands,
We, driven from our home,
Through three long days and nights forlorn,
The dreary waste did roam.

'But I go—these towers to save!
Beneath the evening shade,
I haste to seek Earl Osrick's power,
And call Lord Redwald's aid.'

He said—and turn'd his ready foot:
The abbess nought replies,
But, with a look that spoke her grief,
To heaven upcast her eyes.

Now, turning to the stranger dame,
'O welcome to this place!
For never Whitby's holy fane
Did fairer maiden grace.'

And true she said—for, on her cheek
Was seen young beauty's bloom;
Though grief, with slow and wasting stealth,
Did then her prime consume:

Her shape was all that thought can form
Of elegance and grace,
While heaven the beauties of her mind
Reflected in her face.

'My daughter, lay aside thy fears!'
Again the abbess cried:
'The Danish spoiler comes not here!'—
Again the virgin sigh'd.

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,
'Twas love that shook her breast;
And thus, in accent soft and mild,
The mournful fair addrest.

'My daughter dear! as to thy friend,
Be all thy cares confest:
I see 'tis love disturbs thy mind,
And wish to give thee rest.

'Yet, hark!—I hear the vesper-bell,
It summons us to pray'r;
Which duty done, with needful food
Thy wasted strength repair.'

But now the sympathising Muse,
Of Edwy's hap shall tell;
And what, amidst his nightly walk,
That gallant youth befell.

Fast journeying by the bank of Esk,
He took his lonely way;
And now, through showers of driving rain,
His erring footsteps stray.

At length from far, a glimmering light
Trembling among the trees;
And entering soon a moss-built hut,
A holy man he sees.—

O father, deign a luckless youth
This night with thee to shield;
I am no robber, though my arm
This deadly weapon wield.'

I fear no robber, stranger! here;
For I have nought to lose,
And thou may'st safely during night
In this poor cell repose:

'And thou art welcome to my hut,'
The holy man he cried;
'Still welcome here, is he whom fate
Has left without a guide.

'Whence? and what art thou, gentle youth?'
The noble Edwy said,
'I go to rouse Earl Osrick's power,
And seek Lord Redwald's aid.

'My father is a wealthy Lord,
Who now with Alfred stays;
And me he left to guard his seat,
Whilst he his duty pays.

'But, vain the trust!—in dead of night
The devastator came;
And o'er each neighbouring castle threw
War's all-destructive flame.

'To shun its rage, at early dawn
I with my sister fled;
And Whitby's Abbey now affords
A shelter to her head:

'Whilst I, to hasten promis'd aids,
Range wildly through the night,
And with impatient heart expect
The morning's friendly light.'

So Edwy spake; and, wondering, gaz'd
Upon his hermit host:
For in his form beam'd manly grace,
Unchill'd by age's frost!

The hermit sighing, thus he said,
'Know—there was once a day,
This tale of thine would fire my heart,
And bid me join thy way.

'But luckless love dejects my soul,
And casts my spirits down;
Thou seest the wretch of woman's pride,
Of follies not my own!

'I once, amid my Sovereign's train,
Rank'd a distinguis'd youth;
But blighted is my former fame,
By sorrow's cankering tooth.

'When Ethelred the crown did hold,
I to this district came,
And then a fair and matchless maid
First woke in me a flame.

'Her father was a noble Lord,
Of an illustrious race,
Who join'd to rustic honesty
The court's transcendent grace.

''Twas then I told my artless tale,
By love alone inspir'd;
For never was my manly speech
In flattering guise attir'd.

'At first she heard, or seem'd to hear,
The tender voice of love;
But soon, the fickliest of her sex,
Did she deceitful prove!

'She drove me, scornful, from her sight
Rejected and disdain'd,
In vain did words for pity plead!
In vain my looks complain'd!

'How could the breast that pity fill'd,
Ever relentless be?
How could the face that smil'd on all,
Have ever frowns for me?

'Since that drear hour, within this cell
I live recluse from man;
And twice ten months have pass'd, since I
The hermit's life began.

'O stain to honour!' Edwy cried;
'O foul disgrace to arms!
What—when thy country claims thy aid,
And shakes with war's alarms!—

'Canst thou, inglorious! here remain,
And strive thyself to hide;
Assume the monkish coward life:
All for a woman's pride?'

With louder voice, and warmer look,
His hermit host rejoin'd—
'Think'st thou, vain youth! the chains of fear
Could here a warrior bind?

'Know, then, thou seest Hermanrick here;
Well vers'd in war's alarms;
A name not once unknown to fame,
Nor unrenown'd in arms.

'O, Athelgiva!—yet too dear!—
Did I thy danger know,
Yet would I fly to thy relief,
And crush the' invading foe.'

With fluster'd cheek, young Edwy turn'd
At Athelgiva's name;
And 'gracious powers! it must be he!'
He cried; it is the same!

'I know full well I have not now
More of thy tale to learn;
'Twas heard this morn, ere from the wave
You could the sun discern.

'My sister loves thee, gallant youth!
By all the saints on high!
She wept last night, when thy hard fate
She told, with many a sigh.

'Forgive her then, and, in her cause,
Thy limbs with steel enfold!—
Was it not Ardolph's daughter, say,
Who late thy heart did hold?'

'It was—it was!' Hermanrick cried:
'I heard her brother's name;
'Tis said, he was a gallant youth
Who fought abroad for fame.'

Then Edwy sprang to his embrace,
And clasp'd him to his breast;
'And thou shalt be my brother too,'
He said—and look'd the rest!

'But now let honour fill thy mind,
Be love's high laws obey'd;
'Tis Athelgiva claims thy sword,
'Tis she demands thy aid:

'She, with impatient anxious heart,
Expects my quick return;
And, till again she sees me safe,
The hapless maid will mourn.

'Then, let us fly to seek these chiefs,
Who promis'd aid to send:
Earl Osrick was my father's guest,
Lord Redwald is my friend.'

Hermanrick now—' First let us go
To cheer yon drooping maid?
Again I'll wear my canker'd arms,
Again I'll draw my blade!'

Then, from a corner of the cell,
His clashing arms appear;
But, as he mark'd their growing rust,
The warrior dropp'd a tear.

Right forth they speed: Hermanrick knew
Each pathway of the wood;
And safe before the Abbey gate,
At dawn of day, they stood.

Now sleep the wearied maiden's eyes
In kindness fast had seal'd,
When at the gate the wandering knights
Returning day reveal'd.

' Quick call the abbess,' Edwy cried,
To him who kept the door;
Who watch'd and pray'd the livelong night,
A pious priest, and poor.

The abbess came, with instant haste:
The' alarming bell was rung;
And from their matted homely beds,
The saintlike virgins sprung.

Fair Athelgiva first, the dame,
Soft speaking, thus addrest,—
' My daughter, an important call
Commands me break thy rest:

' Thy brother, at the Abbey gate,
Appears with features glad;
And with him comes a stranger knight,
In war-worn armour clad.'

With faltering step and bloodless cheek,
Young Athelgiva went!
Confusion, shame, surprise and joy,
At once, her bosom rent—

As, in the stranger knight, she saw
Hermanrick's much-lov'd face;
Whilst he, by generous lov'd impell'd,
Rush'd to her fond embrace.

Then Edwy, while entranc'd in bliss
The happy pair remain'd,
Recounted o'er the tale how he
Hermanrick—lost—regain'd.

But soon (alas! too soon) was heard,
To damp their new-form'd joys,
The groan of death, the shout of war,
And battle's mingled noise.

'Lo! up the hill, with breathless haste,
The panting courier came:—
'Prepare,' he cried, 'for dire alarms,
And shun approaching flame!

'Fierce Hubba, landed on the beach,
Now drives our little band,
Who, far too few to stay his course,
Fly o'er the crimson'd sand.'

What anguish fill'd the maiden's breast,
What rage her lover knew,
When, glancing down the steepy hill,
They saw the tidings true!

Each warlike youth now grasp'd his spear:
The trembling virgin cried—
'O! where is now Earl Osrick's power?
And where—Lord Redwald's aid?'

'Alas! alas!' the abbess then,
'Far as my sight is borne,
I neither see the ruddy cross,
Nor hear Earl Osrick's horn!'

Stern Hubba now to direful deeds
Impell'd his savage crew;
And o'er the blood-empurpled strand
The golden raven flew.

'Behold,' he calls, and waves his lance,
'Where yon proud turrets rise!—
Of those who prove war's glorious toil,
Let beauty be the prize.

'There gold and beauty both are found!
Then, follow where I lead;
And quickly find you have not fought
For honour's empty meed.'

He said; and press'd to gain the hill,
His shouting train pursue:
And, fir'd by hopes of brutal joys,
Behold the prize in view.

Young Edwy mark'd their near approach,
And rush'd to' oppose their way;
Nor did, with equal ardour fir'd,
Behind Hermanrick stay.

Like mountain boars, the brother-chiefs
On Denmark's warriors flew!
And those who held the foremost ranks,
Their fury overthrew.

Soon, pierc'd by Edwy's fatal lance,
Lay valiant Turkil here;
There, Hardikanute bit the dust
Beneath Hermanrick's spear.

But vain are courage, strength and skill,
When two oppose an host!
A dart, with sure and deadly aim,
At Edwy—Hubba tost:

His sister, who o'erpower'd with grief,
Had fainted on the floor,
Recover'd by the matron's care,
Now sought the abbey door.

When on the fatal carnag'd spot
She cast her tearful eyes,
'O blessed Mary!' cried the maid,
'My brother—bleeds, and dies!'

Then forth she ran, and gain'd the pass
Where, press'd by thronging foes,
Hermanrick stood!—the shades of death
Her brother's eyelids close.

The furious Dane no pity knew,
Nor stay'd his vengeful arm;
For naught avail'd that heavenly face,
Which might a tiger charm.

Full on the unguarded chief he rush'd,
And bore him to the ground!
The helpless maiden's shrieks of woe
In war's loud shout are drown'd.

She saw Hermanrick's quivering lip!
She mark'd his rolling eye!
She fainted—fell—before her sight
Death's visions dimly fly.

And 'O thou dear and much-lov'd youth!'
The' expiring virgin cried,
'Howe'er in life I wrong'd thy truth,
Yet true with thee I died!'

No more she spake.—E'en Hubba felt
The force of love sincere;
Then first his breast confess'd a sigh,
Then first his cheek a tear.

And now, ' My friends! the rage of war,'
He call'd, ' awhile forbear;
And, to their mourning kindred, strait
These breathless bodies bear——

' Or, fear the wrath of Powers Divine!'——
He could no farther say;
But quickly, with disorder'd march,
Bent to his ships his way.

And now was heard Earl Osrick's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale;
And now was seen Lord Redwald's cross,
Red waving to the gale.

His tardy aid Earl Osrick brought,
Too late, indeed, to save!
For, far beyond the avenging sword,
The Dane now rode the wave.

Grief struck this warrior's heart, to see
In dust young Edwy's head!
And stretch'd by brave Hermanrick's side,
Fair Athelgiva dead!

Now, on the holy cross, he swore
A brave revenge to take
On Denmark's proud and bloody sons!—
For Athelgiva's sake.

The vow, in Kenworth's glorious field,
This gallant Earl did pay;
When Alfred's better star prevail'd,
And England had her day:

That day—the Dane full dearly paid
The price of lovers' blood!
That day—in Hubba's cloven helm
The Saxon javelin stood.

The bodies of the hapless three,
A single grave contains;
And in the choir, with dirges due,
Repose their cold remains.

Lord Ardolph, on his children's tomb,
Inscrib'd the' applauding verse;
And long the monks, in Gothic rhymes,
Their story did rehearse.

And often, pointing to the skies,
The cloister'd maids would cry—
'To those bright realms, in bloom of youth,
Did Athelgiva fly!'

Child Waters.

CHILD Waters in his stable stood,
And stroak'd his milk-white steed,
To him a fair young lady came,
As ever wore woman's weed.

Says she—'Christ you save, good Child Waters!
Christ you save; and see
My girdle of gold, that was too long,
Is now too short for me!

'And all is with one child of yours,
I feel stir at my side:
My gown of green it is too straight,
Before it was too wide.'

'If the child be mine, fair Ellen!' he said,
'Be mine, as you tell me;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your own to be.

'If the child be mine, fair Ellen!' he said.
'Be mine, as you do swear;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heir.'

She says, 'I had rather have one kiss,
Child Waters, of thy mouth,
Than I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lie both north and south.

'And I had rather have one twinkling,
Child Waters! of thine eye;
Than I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine own to be.'

'To morrow, Ellen! I must forth ride,
Far into the north country;
The fairest lady that I can find,
Ellen, must go with me.'

'Though I am not a lady fair,
Yet let me go with thee;
And ever I pray you, Child Waters,
Your foot-page let me be.'

'If you my foot-page will be, Ellen,
As you do tell to me;
Then you must cut your gown of green,
An inch above your knee:

So must you do your yellow locks,
An inch above your eye;
You must tell no man what is my name,
My foot-page then you shall be.'

She, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoot by his side;
Yet was he never so courteous a knight,
To say—Ellen, will you ride?

She, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoot through the broom;
Yet was he never so courteous a knight,
To say—Ellen put on your shoes.

'Ride softly,' she cried, 'O Child Waters!
Why do you ride so fast?
The child, which is no man's but thine,
My body it will burst!'

He saith, 'Seest thou yon water, Ellen,
That flows from bank to brim?'
'I trust in God, O Child Waters,
You never will see me swim!'

But when she came to the water side,
She sailed to the chin—
'Now, the Lord of Heaven! be my speed,
For I must learn to swim.

The salt waters bare up her clothes,
Our lady bare up her chin!
Child Waters was a woe-man, good Lord,
To see fair Ellen swim.

And when she over the water was,
She then came to his knee:
He said, 'Come hither, thou fair Ellen,
Lo! yonder, what I see.—

'Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen,
Of red gold shines the gate;
Of twenty-four fair ladies, there,
The fairest is my mate.

'Seest thou not yonder hall Ellen,
Of red gold shines the tower:
There are twenty four-ladies there,
The fairest is my paramour.'

'I see the hall now, Child Waters,
Of red gold shines the gate:
God give you joy, now, of yourself,
And of your worthy mate.

'I see the hall now, Child Waters,
Of red gold shines the tower:
God give you good, now, of yourself,
And of your paramour!'

There twenty-four fair ladies were,
A playing at the ball;
And Ellen, the fairest lady there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fair ladies were,
A playing at the chess;
And Ellen, the fairest lady there,
Must bring his horse to grass.

And then bespake Child Waters Sister,—
These were the words said she,—
'You have the prettiest page, brother,
That ever I did see:

'But that his belly it is so big;
His girdle stands so high.
And ever I pray you, Child Waters,
Let him in my chamber lie?'

'It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through moss and mire,
To lie in the chamber of any lady
That wears so rich attire.

'It is more meet for a little foot-page,
That has run through moss and mire,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lie by the kitchen fire.'

Now when they had supped every one,
To bed they took their way:
He said, 'Come hither my little foot-page,
And hearken what I say?—

'Go thee down into yonder town,
And low into the street;
The fairest lady that thou canst find,
Hire in mine arms to sleep.

Ellen is gone into the town,
And low into the street;
The fairest lady that she could find,
She hired in his arms to sleep!

'I pray you now, good Child Waters,
Let me lie at your feet;
For there is no place about this house
Where I may say asleep?'

He gave her leave—and fair Ellen
Down at his bed's feet lay:
This done, the night drove on apace;
And when it was near the day,

He said, 'Rise up, my little foot-page,
Give my steed corn and hay;
And give him now the good black oats,
To carry me better away.'

Up then rose the fair Ellen,
And gave his steed corn and hay,
And so she did the good black oats
To carry him better away.

She lean'd her back to the manger side,
And grievously did groan;
She lean'd her back to the manger side,
And there she made her moan.

And that beheard his mother dear,
She heard her woeful woe;
She said—'Rise up, thou Child Waters,
And into thy stable go:

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grieviously doth groan;
Or else some woman labours with child,
She is so woe-begone.'

Up then rose Child Waters soon
And did on his shirt of silk,
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his body as white as milk.

And when he came to the stable door,
Full still there he did stand;
That he might hear his fair Ellen
How she made her moan, and

She said, 'Lullaby, mine own dear child!
Lullaby, dear child, dear!
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother laid on a bier!'

'Peace!' now he said, 'good fair Ellen!
Be of good cheer, I pray;
And the bridal and the churching both
Shall be upon one day.

The Fair Maniac.

PART I.

THE night was dark, the blast blew cold,
And loud the tempest roar'd,
Blue lightnings flash'd from pole to pole,
The stormy torrent pour'd;
Mankind, both high and low, in bed
Were shelter'd safe and warm,
Save one distracted Maid—who fled
Amidst the thickest storm.

And ever and anon she sped
Where most the tempest pour'd,
And where the thunders overhead
With loudest terror warr'd;
Through lonesome dell, or dreary glade,
Or kirkyard graves among,
She wander'd wild; and thus, poor maid!
With madlike glee she sung.

'Beat, beat ye winds! ye torrents, pour;
Fight, warring clouds, above!
Flash, lightnings, flash! loud, thunders roar!
Yet hurt not my true-love:
For him I seek both night and day;
For him bewilder'd rove,
Ye lightnings! light me on my way,
In search of my true-love.

'For him I bear the summer's burn,
And brave the winter's wind;
And, day and night, for him I mourn,
For he has prov'd unkind:
Ye torrents, rush! ye thunders, roar!
Flash, flash thou angry sky!
For I shall see my love no more;
And I for him will die.

'The cold cold night is dark and drear;
I cannot find my love!
Ah me!—I've search'd both far and near:
Where, wanderer! canst thou rove?
But I'll pursue——and stop thy speed—
And, oh! for thy scorn of me,
I'll make thy heart like mine to bleed?
And then——I'll die with thee!'

A valiant Knight was riding by,
All in the stormy rain,
When he heard the hapless damsel sigh,
And bitterly complain:
She, frantic, o'er the wild heath sprung;
And frantic cried aloud,
Then stopp'd the knight——and thus she sung,
While he in wondering stood.

'Oh turn, Sir Knight! thy milk-white steed,
And hear my mournful song;
And then, in valiant knightly deed,
Return and right my wrong?—
I lov'd a knight, and lov'd him true:
And constant love he swore;
But false he proves—and I must rue!
And I must still deplore.

'He lives at yonder glittering tower:
He lives—nor thinks of me;
O knight, I'd bless thy valour's power
Could I the traitor see!
Then turn, Sir Knight, thy milk-white steed,
The way it is not long?—
May the lady you best love be the meed,
If you will right my wrong!'

'Yes, I will right thy wrong, fair maid!'
The gentle knight replied:
'But I can see no tower display'd
The darksome night doth hide.'
'Oh yes, on yonder hill,' she cried,
'That faithless knight doth dwell;
'Twas by the lightning's gleam I spied
The glittering tower, full well.'

'If on my steed, poor maid! thou'lt ride,
My steed shall carry thee?
'Yes, knight! I'll go,' the maid replied,
The combat for to see.'
And now they rode with hasty speed,
And soon they gain'd the hill;
And soon they reach'd the tower, decreed
Their purpose to fulfil.

PART II.

'AROUSE! arouse, thou faithless knight!
Arouse, thou stony breast!'
'Who dares,' cried he, 'in this dread night,
Who dares disturb my rest?—
'Tis thy true-love! she thou dost slight,
Now calls thee from thy bed;
Arouse! arouse! thou faithless knight,
Arouse to fight or wed?'

The knight arose and ope'd the gate,
And saw his love stand there!
Her face, that face so fair of late,
Was stained with many a tear:
Her lips, once red as autumn fruit,
Were pallid now and coarse:
Her voice, once sweet as silver lute,
Was now as the raven's hoarse.

A faded wreath was upon her brow,
Her gown all rude and rent,
And her hair, that once so bright did flow,
Was all with dew besprent.
'I am thy own true-love, dear knight!
And I am come to wed:
In my bridal garments all bedight,
And my garland on my head.

'To the holy kirk, love! we'll repair,
As bride and bridegroom gay;
The lightnings that around us glare,
Shall cheer us on the way:
Of the green green grass, so soft with dew,
We'll make our bridal bed;
And of hemlock fair, and nightshade blue,
A pillow for our head.

'The thunders, as they loudly roar,
Shall be our music love!
And we will sing, while the rain doth pour,
So merrily we will rove!
And when I'm dead, with my bridal ring,
Let me be laid full low;
And over the green turf dance and sing,
For my heart shall leave its woe!

The knight he trembled sad and sore,
As he saw his true-love stand!
She sprang, and kissed him o'er and o'er,—
But he push'd back her hand.
'Oh fight!' she cried, 'my stranger knight,
'Oh, fight, for thou art strong!'—
Lo! he returns my love with spite;
Revenge a maiden's wrong.'

'Go get,' he cried, 'thy sword and shield,
And get thy helm and spear:
For I will make thy proud heart yield,
To avenge this damsel dear!'
'Yes, I will get my sword and shield,
And I will get my spear;
For there's no knight to whom I'll yield,
No knight whom I will fear.'

Then fought those knights; all in the fields,
They fought for many an hour;
They brake their spears, they clave their shields,
And their blood in streams did pour:
And thrice they paus'd, with toil o'erspent,
To wipe the bleeding brow;
And thrice they drank, with one consent,
Where the purling stream did flow.

And, while they fought in hardy wrath,
The mad maid sat and sung—
'Fight on, fight on, my champions both!
The woodland hills among:
And he that lives, shall have my troth!
I'll twine our hearts in one.—
Fight on, fight on, my champions both!
Till the bloody victory's won.

'I'll weave a shroud for him that's slain,
And fast my tears shall flow:
Fight on, my knights, to soothe my pain;
My heart is sick with woe.
I'll sing and pray for him that's slain,
And mourn both day and night;
For 'tis my heart's blood your shields doth stain,
My woes—for which ye fight!'

Full long they fought; till now, o'ercome,
The faithless knight did fall:
'Wrong'd maid, he sigh'd, 'thy cause hath won!
Come, hear my dying call!'
Ah,—up she sprang, in frantic mood,
And kiss'd his pale pale cheek:
And frantic drank the smoaking blood,
That from his wounds did reek.

'Oh, this flows from that heart,' she cried,
'That caused me so dear;
But now in a rushing crimson tide,
It pays me tear for tear!'
Then, from the gaping wounded side,
His quivering heart she tore;
And to the knight, in frantic pride,
The bloody prize she bore.

'Oh, this! the stony heart,' she cried,
'That caus'd my tears to flow;
And made me roam the land so wide,
In all the pangs of woe.'
Then to her dead knight did she hie,
And lay her by his side—
She kiss'd the heart, and, with a sigh,
That hapless mad maid died!

Edwin and Elfrida.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

WHERE the clear Derwent's waters glide
Along their mossy bed,
Close by the river's verdant side
A castle rear'd its head.

This ancient pile, by time defac'd,
And levell'd with the ground,
Once many a sculptur'd trophy grac'd,
While banners wav'd around!

There liv'd a chief, to fame well known,
A warlike virtuous knight,
Who many a well-fought field had won
By valour and by might:

What time in martial pomp he led
His chosen gallant train,
The foe, that erst had conquer'd, fled—
Indignant left the plain.

Yet milder virtues he possest,
More gentle passions felt,
And in his calm and yielding breast
Each soft affection dwelt.

Not all the rugged storms of war
Could e'er his bosom steel!
He felt for every child of care—
His heart was apt to feel.

And much that heart was doom'd to bear,
And many a grief to prove;
To feel the fullness of despair,
The woes of hopeless love:

To lose the partner of his breast,
Who sooth'd each rising care,
Who, with mild efforts, charm'd to rest
The griefs she sought to share.

He mark'd the chilling damps of death
O'erspread her fading charms;
He saw her yield her quivering breath,
And sink in death's cold arms.

From solitude he hop'd relief;
And this lone mansion sought,
To cherish here a sacred grief,
To nurse the tender thought!

Here, object of his fondest cares,
An infant daughter smil'd:
And oft the mourner's falling tears
Bedew'd his Emma's child!

These tears, as o'er the babe he hung,
Would tremble in his eyes,
While blessings, faltering on his tongue,
Were only breath'd in sighs.

But time can mitigate the wound
It has not power to heal!
And in his child, he thought, he found
His much-lov'd Emma still:

Now, in Eltruda's gentle breast
His griefs he could repose;
With each endearing virtue blest,
She soften'd all his woes.

'Twas easy in her look to trace
An emblem of her mind;
There dwelt each mild attractive grace,
Each gentle charm combin'd.

Soft as the dews of morn arise,
And on the pale flower gleam,
So soft, so sweet, her melting eyes
With love and kindness beam.

As, far retir'd, the lonely flow'r
Smiles in the desert vale;
And blooms its balmy sweets to pour
Upon the flying gale:

So liv'd in solitude, unseen,
This lovely peerless maid;
So sweetly grac'd the vernal scene,
And blossom'd in the shade.

Yet Love could pierce the lone recess,
Who there delights to dwell;
Who scorns the noisy crowd to bless,
And seeks the lowly cell.

There only his resistless dart,
In all its power, is known;
His empire sways each willing heart,
They live—to love alone!

Edwin, for every grace confest,
First taught her heart to prove
The gentlest passion of the breast;
To feel the power of love.

Though few the pastures he possest,
Though scanty was his store,
Though wealth ne'er swell'd his hoarded chest,
Edwin could boast of more;—

Edwin could boast the liberal mind,
The generous ample heart,
And every virtue, Heav'n inclin'd
To bounty, can impart!

The maxims of a servile age,
The meanly selfish care,
The sordid views that now engage
The mercenary Pair,

Whom riches or unite or part!
These were to them unknown;
For them the sympathetic heart
Was drawn by love alone.

They little knew, that wealth had power
To make the constant—rove;
As little knew,—that splendid dower
Could add one bliss to love.

Little they knew, the human breast
Could pant for sordid ore;
Or, of a faithful heart possest,
Could madly wish for more.

Him though her peerless beauty warms,
His heart to love inclin'd,
Not less he feels her lasting charms,
The beauties of the mind!

Not less his gentle soul approv'd
The virtues glowing there:
For surely virtue, to be lov'd,
Needs only to appear.

The sweets of dear domestic life
Each circling hour beguil'd,
And meek-eye'd hope and inward peace
On the lone mansion smil'd.

Oft o'er the daisy-sprinkled mead
They wander'd far away,
Some lambkin to the fold to lead,
That haply chanc'd to stray.

Her heart, where pity lov'd to dwell,
With sadness oft was wrung;
For the bruis'd insect, as it fell,
Her soft tear trembling hung:

As roving o'er the flowery waste,
A sigh would heave her breast
The while her gentle hand replac'd
The linnet's falling nest.

Then would she seek the vernal bower;
And haste, with tender fear,
To nurse some pale declining flower,
Some infant blossom rear.

And oft with eager steps she flies
To cheer the lonely cot
Where the poor widow pours her sighs,
And wails her helpless lot:

The weeping mother's trembling knees
Her lisping children clasp;
Their meek-imploring look she sees,
She feels their little grasp.

Wild throbs *her* aching bosom swell;
They mark the bursting sigh;——
Nature has form'd the soul to feel!——
They weep, unknowing why:

Her hands their liberal boon impart;
And much her tear avails
To soothe the mourner's bursting heart,
Where feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek, where hung the tear
Of agonizing woe,
She bids the gush of joy rise there,
The tears of rapture flow.

If greater plenty to impart
She e'er would Heaven implore,
'Twas only that her ample heart
Still panted to do more.

Thus soft the gliding moments flew,
Though love would court their stay;
While some new virtue rose to view,
And grac'd each fleeting day:

Peace, long condemn'd the world to roam,
Like the poor wandering dove,
Here, softly resting, found a home,
And wish'd no more to rove!

The youthful poet's glowing dream
Of golden ages past,
The muse's fond ideal theme,
Was realiz'd at last.

But vainly here we look that bliss
Unchanging will endure;
Oh! in a world so vain as this,
What hope can rest secure?

Now darkling rose the death-fraught day,
For civil discord fam'd,
When York from Lancaster's proud sway
The royal sceptre claim'd!

The passing moments now were fraught
With desolating rage;
And now the bloody deeds were wrought,
Which swell the historic page.

Now good old Albert vows again
To seek the hostile field;
The cause of Henry to maintain,
The spear for him to wield.

But, oh! a thousand sacred ties
That bind the hero's soul,
A thousand tender claims arise,
And Edwin's breast control,

And link the youth to Henry's foes;
But, O! it rends his heart
The aged Albert to oppose,
And bear an adverse part:

Passion still pleads in Henry's cause,
And Edwin's heart would sway;
Yet honour's stern imperious laws
The brave at last obey.

Oppress'd with many a mingled care,
Full oft Eltruda sigh'd;
And mourn'd the rugged brow of war
Should those she lov'd—divide!

At length the fatal morn arose,
In gloomy vapours drest;
The pensive maiden's sorrow flows,
And bodings heave her breast.

A thousand pangs the father feels,
A thousand tender fears,
While at his feet she trembling kneels,
And bathes them with her tears:

A falling drop bedew'd his cheek,
From the sad scene he flew;
The tender father could not speak—
He could not say—adieu!

Then Edwin, hapless Edwin, came;
He saw her pallid looks,
While tremblings seiz'd her gentle frame,
As, faltering, thus he spoke:

'This cruel tenderness but wounds
The heart it means to bless;
Those falling tears, those plaintive sounds,
Confirm the soft distress!

'Then, be to wretched Edwin—kind;
Nor mourn, dear tender maid!'
At length, on Edwin's breast reclin'd,
Eltruda faintly said——

'If fate relentless has decreed,
On yonder hostile plain,
My Edwin's destin'd heart to bleed,
And swell the heaps of slain;

'Trust me, my love! I'll not complain,
I'll shed no feeble tear;
Not one weak drop my cheek shall stain,
Or tell what passes here!

'Ah! let thy fate of others claim
A tear, a tender sigh;
I'll only murmur thy dear name——
Call on my love—and die.'

'Twere vain, in feeble words, to tell
The pangs their bosoms prov'd;
They only can conceive it well
Whose hearts have trembling lov'd!

Though long the beaming day was fled,
The fight they still maintain;
While night a deeper horror shed
O'er the ensanguin'd plain.

The martial trump invades the ear,
And drowns the orphan's cry:
No more the widow's shriek they hear,
The love-lorn virgin's sigh.

The pangs those dear-bought laurels yield,
Alas! what tongue can speak?
Perchance not one, that strews the field,
But leaves some heart to break!

To Albert's breast a falchion flew,
He felt the mortal wound;
The drops, that warm'd his heart bedew
And stain the thirsty ground.

The foe who aim'd the deadly dart,
Heard his expiring sighs;
Soft pity touch'd his yielding heart,
To Albert strait he flies:——

As round the chief his arm he cast,
While oft he deeply sigh'd,
And seem'd as if he mourn'd the past,
d Albert faintly cried——

'Though nature heaves some feeble groans,
Without complaint I die:
Yet one close care my heart still owns,
Still feels one anxious tie.

'For York—a youth, well known to fame,
Uplifts the hostile spear;
Edwin the blooming hero's name,
To Albert's bosom dear.

'Ah, tell him my expiring sigh,
Say my last words besought
To my despairing child to fly
Ere fame the tidings brought.'

He spake:—but, O what mournful strain,
In sadness apt to melt,
What moving numbers, can explain
The pangs by Edwin felt?

Edwin; thyself it was that held
The dying chieftain prest,
Whom the dark shades of night conceal'd,
Close to thy throbbing breast.

'Abhor,' he cried, 'my touch profane!
Oh, how the rest impart?
'Twas Edwin plung'd, rever'd old man!
The dagger in thy heart!'

His dying eyes he feebly rais'd
Which seem'd for ever clos'd;
On the pale Edwin piteous gaz'd,
And then in death repos'd.

'I go,' the hapless Edwin said,
'To breathe a last adieu;
And, with the drops despair will shed,
My mourning love bedew.

'I go the tender maid to seek,
To catch the bursting sigh,
To wipe the tear-drops from her cheek,
And—at her feet—to die.'

Appall'd, his starting fancy sees
His true-love's sorrows flow;
And hears, in every passing breeze,
The frantic sounds of woe.

Meanwhile the weeping maid, whose pray'rs
In vain would Heaven implore,
Of Albert's fate despairing hears,
But yet had heard no more.

She saw her much-lov'd Edwin near,
She saw—and piteous sigh'd;
The sight check'd every falling tear:
At length, Eltruda cried——

'Eternal woe this heart must prove,
Whose tenderest ties are broke;
Ah, say what ruthless arm, my love!
Could aim the deadly stroke?

'Could not *thy* hand, my Edwin, thine,
Have warded off the blow?
For, ah! he was, not only mine,
He was thy father too!'

No longer Edwin could endure
Pangs that no verse can tell:
From death alone he sought a cure,
As senseless, cold he fell!

She flew—she gave her sorrows vent—
A thousand tears she pour'd;
Her mourning voice, her touching plaint,
The youth to life restor'd.

'Why wildly throbs each shivering vein?'
She cried; 'My Edwin, speak——
Or, all unable to sustain
These pangs, my heart will break.'

'Yes, it will break!' he frantic cried;
'For me—will life resign!
Eltruda! know thy father died;
And know, the guilt was mine.'

'It is enough!' with short quick breath,
Exclaim'd the mournful maid:
No more she spoke—but seem'd from death
To hope for instant aid.

When, lo! a pensive silent train,
With downcast looks appear;
Who Albert's pallid corse sustain,
Plac'd on a sable bier.

For wretched Edwin fondly thought
It might some comfort yield,
If good old Albert's corse were brought
From off the blood-stain'd field:

He deem'd, 'twould soothe Eltruda's pains,
O'er the dear hallow'd urn
Which Albert's sacred dust contains,
Awhile her griefs to mourn.

But, she all frantic at the sight,
A hurried glance she threw,
Then—starting wild with pale affright!—
That hurried glance withdrew.

Trembling, she rush'd; and in her arms
The dear remains she prest!
But sudden paleness veil'd her charms,
So late in beauty drest.

In plaintive accents, Edwin cries—
'And—have I murder'd thee?
To other worlds thy spirit flies,
And mine this stroke shall free!'

His hand the deadly weapon grasp'd,
The steel he firmly prest;
When sudden she arose, and clasp'd
Him wildly to her breast.

'Methought,' she cried, with panting breath,
'My Edwin talk'd of peace;
I know 'twas found alone in death,
And sought that sad release.

'I clasp him still—'twas but a dream!
Help yon wide wound to close,
From which a father's spirits stream,
A father's life-blood flows.

'But, see! from thee he shrinks; nor would
Be blasted by thy touch:
Ah! though my Edwin spilt thy blood,
Yet did he love thee much.

My father, still in pity stay!
I see his white beard wave;
A spirit beckons him away,
And points to yon cold grave.

'E'en now, my love! I trembling hear
Him breathe a last adieu;
I see, my love! the falling tear
His furrow'd cheek bedew.

'I feel within his aged arms
His poor Eltruda prest:
I hear him speak the fond alarms
That wring a parent's breast.

'He's gone!——and here his ashes sleep;
I do not heave a sigh;
His child a father does not weep,
For, ah! my brain is dry.

'But come together let us rove,
At the pale hour of night,
When the moon, glimmering through the grove,
Shall shed her faintest light.

'We'll gather from the rosy bower
The fairest wreaths that bloom;
We'll cull, my love! each opening flower,
To deck his hallow'd tomb.

'We'll thither, from the distant dale,
A weeping willow bear;
And plant a lily of the vale,
A drooping lily, there!

'We'll shun the glaring face of day,
Eternal silence keep;
Through the dark wood we'll cheerless stray,
And only live to weep.

'But, list! 'tis come—the fatal time
When, Edwin! we must part:
Some angel whispers, 'tis a crime
To hold thee to my heart!

'My father's spirit hovers near:
Alas! he comes to chide——
Is there no means, my Edwin dear,
The fatal deed to hide?

'Ah, none! for whereso'er we go,
Lo! streams of blood proceed;
And should the torrent cease to flow,
Yet still our hearts ould bleed!

'Our hearts the secret would betray,
The tale of death reveal;
Our angels come, in dread array,
The bloody deed to tell.

'Yet, Edwin, if the' offence be thine,
Too soon I can forgive!
But, oh! the guilt would all be mine,
Could I endure to live.

Farewell, my love! for—ah—I faint;
Of deep despair I die:
And, see!—that hoary murder'd saint
Descends from yon blue sky!

'Poor, weak old man!—he comes, my love,
To lead to heaven the way;
He knows not heaven will joyless prove,
While Edwin is away.'

'Too much!' the frantic Edwin cried——
Then to his bosom prest
The dying fair! She, piteous, sigh'd——
And sunk to lasting rest.

He saw her dying eyelids close!
He heard her latest sigh!
And yet no tear of anguish flows,
Fast streaming from his eye.

For, O! the fulness of despair,
The pang of high-wrought woe,
Admits no silent trembling tear——
No lenient drop to flow!

He feels, within his shivering veins,
A mortal chillness rise;
Her pallid corse he feebly strains,
And—on her bosom—dies!

* * * * * * * *

No longer may their mournful lot
The sorrowing Muse engage;
She wipes away the tears that blot
The melancholy page.

For Heaven, in love dissolves the ties
That chain the spirit here:
And distant far for ever flies
The blessing held most dear——

To bid the sufferer's soul aspire
A higher bliss to prove;
To wake the pure refin'd desire,
The hope that rests above!

The Disguised Baron.

PART I.

THE Baron he sat on his Castle wall,
And beheld both dale and down;
The manors, that stretch'd so far around,
He knew to be all his own:

The wardens blew their sounding horns,
And their banners wav'd in air;
Their horns resounded through the dale,
Their banners shone afar.

The Baron he sigh'd as he look'd above,
And he sigh'd as he look'd adown,
Although the rich manors that stretch'd so far
He knew to be all his own.

Up then arose his ancient Nurse,
That had borne him on her knee,—
'And why dost thou sigh, thou noble youth!
At a sight so fair to see?'

And again bespake that ancient nurse,
Who had borne him on her knee;
'And why dost thou sigh?—Its all thy own,
That thou so far dost see!'

Oh, then he spake, that noble Baron,
And heavily spake he:
'But I've never a true and faithful wife,
To share it all with me!

'And if I should marry a courtly dame,
(Alas! that it so should be!)
She'd love my castles, and love my lands,
But she would not care for me.'

Oh, then bespake that ancient nurse——
'Now, take advice of me;
If you'd have a true wife, then go and wed
Some maiden of low degree:

'And be disguis'd in plain attire,
Like some young peasant rove,
And let her not know thy high degree;
So shalt thou prove her love.'

Then call'd the Baron his young foot-page,
Full loudly called he;
The bonny foot-page full swiftly ran,
And knelt upon his knee.

'Now hark thee well, my young foot-page,
To what I tell to thee,
And keep thee my secret faithfully,
And thou shalt have gold and fee.

'Go bring me here a peasant's coat,
With hose and shoes also,
And artfully disguise my face,
That no one may me know:

'And when I go, and when I come,
Let no one know from thee;
But keep thee my secret faithfully,
And thou shalt have gold and fee.'

The sun-beams gilt the distant hills,
And on the streams did play,
When, in a peasant's homely garb,
The Baron took his way.

The early pilgrim blithe he hail'd,
That o'er the hills did stray;
And many an early husbandman,
That he met on his way.

The new-wak'd birds their matins sung
In wildly-warbling lay,
While through full many a lonely path
The Baron took his way:

And blithe and merrily did he wend,
And blithe and merrily hied,
Until he came to a rural cot,
Where a maiden fair did abide.

Though lowly, and unknown to fame,
This maid was passing fair;
Like some sweet violet, that in vale
Sequester'd scents the air.

Sweet was the melody of her voice,
The woodland wilds among;
So sweet—that woodlarks, on the spray,
Sat listening to her song.

But, more than all, her youthful heart
Was fraught with virtue's lore;
More fair, more tender, or more true,
Was maiden ne'er before.

This maiden stood at her cottage gate,
Her nursling lambs to feed,
And she saw the blithsome stranger-youth
Come tripping o'er the mead:

The maiden stood before the cot,
To view the morning scene,
And she saw the blithsome stranger-youth
Come tripping o'er the green.

And, lo! with many a fond excuse,
The youth would there remain;
While many a wily tale he told,
Her simple heart to gain.

And soon her sighs, and blushes, told
She did the youth approve:
For where's the maid that can resist
The vows of faithful love?—

'Lo, I've a cottage—and I've a cow,
And many a sheep beside;
And I've a field of ripening corn;
And I'll make thee my bride.'

The listening damsel heard his vows,
And thrice for joy she sigh'd;
She thought the young peasant passing rich,
And vow'd to be his bride.

And oft her mother heard the tale,
Nor did the dame repine:
And if thou canst keep her, stranger-youth!
The damsel shall be thine.'

'O then farewell, my charming fair!'
The lordly peasant cried;
'For I must wend for many a mile,
Ere I can take a bride.'

'Oh! say not so, thou stranger-youth!
Oh, say not so, I pray!
For, if thou dost go—oh! I shall rue
That e'er you came this way!

'O! I must go, thou charming maid!'
The lordling peasant cried;
'For I must wend for many a mile,
Ere I can take a bride.'

'Oh, say not so, thou stranger-youth!
Oh, say not so, I pray;
For ever, till thou comest again,
Must I weep the live-long day.'

'Yes—I must go, thou charming maid!
I can no longer stay;
Though ever, until I here return,
Must I mourn the live-long day.

'But if, before I come again,
This passing month shall slide,
Ah! then no more await for me,
But be another's bride:

'For death may meet me, on the way,
And from thy arms divide;
Or dire misfortune blast my joys,
And pluck from me my bride!'

Fast, fast then flow'd the maiden's tears;
While tenderly she cried——
'Believe me, dear youth, though thou should'st die
I'll be no other's bride!'

The maiden's face with grief was sad,
Her cheek was wet with tears;
So the pale lily besprent with rain,
Or dew-dropt rose, appears.

And now, for many a weary mile,
Her lover hied his way;
The murmuring winds, that then did blow,
Did waft his sighs that day.

And when he came to his own domain,
And to his castle gate,
His foot-page faithfully did wait
To let him in thereat.

The warders blew their sounding horns,
And their banners wav'd in air;
The horns resounded o'er the dale,
The banners shone afar.

PART II.

AND now for many weeks and months
The Baron he did stay;
Nor did he seek his dear-lov'd Maid,
For many a live-long day.

And although the tender sigh it cost,
And heartfelt tear did move,
Full many a month he staid away
Her constancy to prove.

At length he call'd his knights and squires
And neighbours of chief degree;
To travel in all the pomp of state,
The lovely maid to see:

And he hath call'd his young foot-page,
And thus, full loud, did say——
'With costly gems and with robes of state,
Oh deck me forth this day!'

And now, with gay and gallant train,
That Baron took his way;
The golden sun that so bright doth shine,
Did gild his pomp that day:

Blithsome they blew their sounding horns,
And their banners wav'd in air;
Their horns resounded o'er the hills,
Their banners shone afar.

The maiden stood at her garden pale,
In hopes her love to spy;
And every peasant that she saw,
She heav'd a heartfelt sigh.

'Alas, and woe is me!' she cried,
'Could I my love but see!
I fear the stranger-youth is dead;
Or he thinks no more of me!'

Thus sigh'd the maid, as o'er the plain
She look'd for her true love;
When sudden she saw the gallant train
Towards the cottage move.

And soon the Baron hath cross'd the green,
And caught her by the hand;
And so tender hath kiss'd her blushing cheeks,
As, trembling, she did stand.

He sat the maid upon his knee,
And gently sooth'd her fears,
And often press'd her gallantly
To dry her causeless tears.

Then, pressing soft her trembling hand,
With artful smiles, he cried——
'Fair maid! I've heard thy beauty's fame,
And thou shalt be my bride.'

The maiden sigh'd to hear his words,
Nor could his fondness move:
She little thought this Baron gay,
Was her own dear true-love!

'Yet still,' he cried, 'though I'm a lord,
And renowned is my name,
Thou, beauteous maid! if thou can'st love,
Shalt be my courtly dame.

'Rich robes of state shall deck thy form,
And a coronet gild thy brow,
And a castle shalt thou have for dower,
With manors high and low.

'The squires shall sound their golden horns,
And their banners wave in air;
Their horns re-echoing many a mile,
Their banners shine afar.'

The maiden she sigh'd at all his bribes;
Her faith they could not move:
For little she thought this Baron gay,
Could be her own true love.

Thus though to gain the maiden's hand
This gallant Baron strove,
Yet still his grandeur she despis'd,
For the youth that she did love:

And though her angry mother tried
Her constant heart to move;
Vain were her mother's cruel threats,
As the Baron's golden love.

Now night came on; and o'er the plain
The moon's pale glimmering shone,
When this hapless maiden took her way,
All friendless and alone.

And friendless and alone she sped;
And hapless did she rove,
O'er many a hill and many a dale,
In search of her true love:

And now the pale, pale moon was gone,
And stormy clouds did lower;
Her sighings added to the winds,
Her tears increas'd the shower.

Yet still, o'er dreary heath and hill,
This hapless maid did rove;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heav'd,
As she sought for her true love:

And though full loud the thunders roll'd,
And wet, wet pour'd the rain,
She still, in search of her dear lov'd-youth,
Did brave the stormy plain.

Rous'd with the roaring of the storm,
The Baron up arose;
And soon in search of his beauteous maid,
With anxious speed, he goes.

But, lo! the hapless maid was gone,
Through deserts wild to rove;
Alas! all friendless and forlorn,
In search of her true love!

Oh! then that Baron storm'd and rav'd;
And his foot-page loud called he——
'O bring to me quick my peasant garb,
As quick as you can flee!'

Now rode he forth, this young Baron,
O'er many a dreary way;
When, alas! all on the stormy plain,
He saw the maiden lay:

O'ercome with toil, and spent with grief,
The hapless maid had fell.——
The Baron he wip'd his quivering brow,
While his heart began to swell:

He got him water from the brook,
And sprinkled o'er the maid;
But many a tear, that from him fell,
Lent more its saving aid.

Right glad he mark'd her struggling breath,
And blush-reviving face;
While tender he welcom'd her to life,
With many a fond embrace.

Then soon he rais'd her on his steed,
With heart so blithe and gay;
And while the dear maid so soft he sooth'd,
To his castle rode away.

'And art thou found, my own true love?
And art thou come?' she said:
'Then blest be the night, and blest the hour,
When from our cot I fled!'

Thus spoke the maid, as fast they rode
Through many a lonely way:
And she thought, that to his humble cot
Her love would her convey.

But soon they reach'd the castle wall,
And came to the castle gate;
When, lo! her dear youth, without delay,
Rode boldly in thereat.

The warders blew their sounding horns,
And their banners wav'd in air;
Their horns resounded o'er the dale,
Their banners shone afar.

Thrice turn'd the maiden wan and pale,
And with fear her heart was mov'd,
When she saw the lordly Baron he was
The stranger-youth she lov'd!

But blithe he cried—' Cheer up, my fair!
And forgive my pride, I pray;
And, lo! for thy faith, so nobly prov'd,
Be this thy bridal day.

' Cheer up, cheer up, dear constant maid!
And share our mirth and glee!
For, until the woful hour of death,
I'll ever prove true to thee!

' Although thou wert a lowly maid,
Thou'rt now my Countess gay:
Then come, cheer up, my angel so true!
For 'tis our bridal day.'

The warders blew their sounding horns,
And their banners wav'd in air;
Their horns resounded o'er the dale,
Their banners shone afar!

The Battle of Cuton Moor.

After Easter 1138, being the third year of the reign of Stephen, David, King of Scotland, invaded England, entering at Northumberland, in the Bishopric of Durham. The nobles of the North, who held great baronies by military tenure, associated on this occasion, and were headed by Thurstan, the brave and vene rable Archbishop of York. Among the other confe derates were:—William Earl of Albermarle, a young nobleman of high spirit, and eminent in arms; Walter de Gaunt, who, though aged, was held in great reputation, and led on a strong body of Flemings and Normans; Robert de Bruce, and his brother Adam, who brought a numerous body of courageous and youthful followers, completely armed; Roger de Mowbray, who, though a child, aided the cause by the greatness of his family, and the numbers of his armed retinue; and Walter Espec, a personage of gigantic prowess, of high stature, and described as the best of the northern warriors.

The English advanced as far as Thrusk Castle, under Archbishop Thurstan, when that prelate resigned the command to Ralph, Bishop of the Orkneys. Strengthened by the accession of several noblemen from Nottingham and Derbyshire, the army now proceeded as far as Northallerton. Here they raised their celebrated standard, consisting of the mast of a ship, on whose top was placed a silver cross; the machine itself went upon wheels, and round it were hung the banners of St. Peter, St. John of Beverly, and St. Wilfred.

Having passed the river Tees, the Scotch had encamped on an open plain, (Cuton Moor), within two miles of the English. Early in the morning both armies drew up in order of battle; when, after a severe conflict, the Scots were routed, and are reported to have lost ten thousand men: their King, and his son, being left to maintain their ground, supported only by their own guards, made a valiant resistance, but at last retreated to Carlisle.——Henry, the Prince, is by historians commemorated for his valour, his beauty, and his affability.

THE welkin, dark o'er Cuton Moor,
With dreary clouds did low'r!——
The woful carnage of that day
Shall Scotland aye deplore.

The river Tees full oft did sigh,
As she roll'd her winding flood,
That ever her silver tide, so clear,
Should be swell'd with human blood!

King David he stood on the rising hill,
And the verdant prospect view'd,
And he saw that sweet river which o'er the Moor
Roll'd on her silver flood.

Oh! then bespake that noble King,
As grief his heart subdued,
'And ever I mourn, that yon fair stream
Should be stain'd with human blood!'

King David he saw the verdant moor,
With wild flowers all bestrew'd:——
'And ever I'm griev'd, that so green a moor
Must be stain'd with human blood!'

'But more am I griev'd, alas!' he cried,
'And more my heart is woed,
That so many warriors, young and brave,
Must this day shed their blood!'

As princely a host this King did lead
As ever march'd on plain:
Ah! that so many a warrior brave
Should be so quickly slain!

And first march'd forth the Galloway men,
From the ancient Picts who sprang;
Their spears all so bright, and bucklers strong,
For many miles they rang.

And then came on the Norman troops,
With English them among;
For the Empress Maud they came to fight,
And right that Lady's wrong.

And then march'd forth the Scotish foot,
And then march'd forth the horse:
In armour strong, all those warriors came,
A great and warlike force.

King David look'd athwart the moor,
With Prince Henry, his brave son;
And they were aware of the English host,
Now merrily marching on.

Oh then call'd forth the King David,
And loudly called he——
'And who is here, in all my camp,
Can describe yon host to me?'

Then came there one, beside the tent,
An Englishman was he;
'Twas not long, since from the' English host,
That traiterous wight did flee.

'Now tell me yon hosts,' the King he cried,
'And thou shalt have gold and fee!
And who is yon chief that rides along,
With his locks so aged grey?'

'Oh—That is Walter de Gaunt you see,
And he hath been grey full long;
But many the troops that he doth lead,
And they are stout and strong.'

'And who is yon chief, so bright to see,
With his troops that beat the plain?'
'Oh, that's the young Earl of Albermarle,
Who's leading his gallant train:

'A more gallant warrior than that lord
Is not yon hosts among;
And the gallant troops that he doth lead,
Like him, are stout and strong.'

'And who yon shining warriors two,
With their troops yclad the same?'
'Oh—they are the Bruces, that, in this fight,
Have come to' acquire them fame!'

Then call'd he out, that King David,
And full of woe spake he,——
'And ever I hold those Bruces false,
For much they owe to me!

'And who's yon chief of giant height,
And bulk so huge to see?'
'Walter Espec is that chief's name,
And a potent chief is he:

'His stature's large as the mountain-oak,
And eke as strong his might;
There's never a chief, in all the north,
Can dare with him to fight!'

'And who's yon youth, yon youth I see
Galloping o'er the moor?——
His troops, that follow so gallantly,
Proclaim him a youth of pow'r.'

'Young Roger de Mowbray is that youth,
And he's sprung of the royal line;
His wealth and followers, O King!
Are almost as great as thine.'

'And who's yon aged chief, I see,
All clad in purple vest?'
'Oh—that the Bishop of the' Orkney isles;
And he all the host doth bless!

'And all the rest are noblemen,
Of fortune and fame each one;
From Nottingham, and from Derbyshire,
Those valiant chieftains come.'

'But—what's yon glittering tower I see,
In the centre of the host?'
'O that is the hallow'd Standard, of which
The English make such boast!

'A mast of a ship it is so high,
All bedeck'd with gold so gay;
And on its top is a holy cross,
That shines as bright as the day:

'Around it hang the holy banners
Of many a blessed saint:
Saint Peter, and John of Beverly,
And Saint Wilfred, there they paint:

'The aged folk around it throng,
With their old hairs all so grey;
And many a chieftain there bows down,
And so heartily doth pray!'

Oh! then bespake the King of Scots——
And so heavily spake he——
'And had I but yon holy standard,
Right gladsome should I be!

'And had I but yon holy standard,
That there so high doth tow'r,
I would not care for yon English host,
Nor all yon chieftains' pow'r!

'O! had I but yon holy rood,
That there so bright doth show:——
I would not care for yon English host,
Nor the worst that they could do.'

Then well spake he Prince Henry,
And like a brave Prince spake he:
'Ah, let us but fight like valiant men,
And we'll make yon hosts to flee.

'Oh, let us but fight like valiant men,
And to Christ his will yet bow,
And yon holy standard shall be ours,
And the victory also!'

Prince Henry was as brave a youth
As ever fought in field,
And many a warrior, that dread day,
To him his life did yield.

Prince Henry was as fair a youth
As the sun did e'er espy:
Full many a lady, in Scotish land,
For that young Prince did sigh.

Prince Henry he call'd his young foot-page,
And thus to him spake he——
'O heed my words, and serve me true,
And thou shalt have gold and fee.

'Stand thou on yonder rising hill,
(Full safe, I ween, the site)
And thence, oh! mark thee well my crest,
In all the thickest fight:

'And if, o'ercome by wounds, I fall——
Then take thee a swift, swift steed,
And from this moor, to Dumfries' town,
Oh ride thee away with speed.

'There to the Lady Alice wend,
You know that lovely fair;
For the fairest maid, in all that town,
Cannot with her compare!

'And tell that Lady of my woe,
And tell her of my love;
And give to her this golden ring,
My tenderest faith to prove:

'And strive to cheer that lovely maid,
In all her grief and care;
For well I know her gentle heart
Did ever hold me dear.'

And now the English host drew near,
And all in battle array;
Their shining swords and glittering spears
Shot round a brilliant ray.

And now both valiant hosts came near,
Each other bent to slay;
While, watchful, hover'd o'er their heads
Full many a bird of prey.

The sun, behind the dark dark clouds,
Did hide each beamy ray;
As fearful to behold the woe
That mark'd that dreadful day.

The thundering winds of heaven arose,
And rush'd from pole to pole;
As rais'd to drown the groans and sighs
Of many a dying soul!

Stern Death—he heard the shout of war,
That echo'd round so loud;
And he rous'd him to the' embattled field,
To feast on human blood.

And first the Pictish race began
The carnage of the day:
The cries they made were like the storm
That rends the rocks away!

Those fierce fierce men, of Galloway,
Began that day of dole:
And their shouts were like the thunder's roar,
When heard from pole to pole.

Now bucklers rang, 'gainst swords and spears;
Now, arrows dimm'd the plain;
And many a warrior lay full low,
And many a chief was slain.

O woful woful was that day,
To child and widow drear!
For there fierce Death, o'er human race,
Did triumph far and near.

Drear was the day!—in dark dark clouds,
The welkin all endrown'd:
But drearier far the woful scene
Of carnage all around!

Laden with death's unpitying arm,
Swords fell and arrows flew;
The widow'd wife and fatherless child,
That day of dole shall rue.

Weep, dames of Scotland! weep and wail,
Let your sighs re-echo round;
Ten thousand brave Scots, that hail'd the morn,
At night lay dead on the ground.

And ye fair dames of merry England,
As fast your tears must pour;
For many's the valiant Englishman
That ye shall see no more!

Sigh, dames of England! and lament,
And many a salt tear shed;
For many an Englishman hail'd that morn,
That ere the night was dead.

The Scots they fled; but still their King,
With his brave son by his side,
Fought long the foe.—Brave King and Prince,
Of Scotland aye the pride!

The Scots they fled: but still their King,
With his brave son, fought full well;
Till o'er the moor an arrow it flew,
And brave Prince Henry fell.

All this espied his young foot-page,
From the hill where he abode;
And soon hath he mounted a swift swift steed,
And soon from the hill hath rode.

And he hath cross'd the Tees' fair stream,
Now swell'd with human blood:
The' affrighted page he never staid,
Till to Dumfries he had rode.

Fair Alice was gone to the holy kirk,
With a sad heart did she go;
And ever so fast she cried, to Heaven;
'Prince Henry, save from woe!'

Fair Alice she hied her to the choir,
Where the priest did chaunt so slow;
And ever she cried—'May the holy saints
Prince Henry save from woe!'

Fair Alice she knelt by the hallow'd Rood,
While fast her tears did flow;
And ever she cried—'O, sweet Saviour,
Prince Henry save from woe!'

Fair Alice look'd out at the kirk door,
And heavy her heart did beat,
For she was aware of the Prince's page
Galloping down the street.

Again fair Alice look'd out, to see;
And well nigh she did swoon,
For now she was sure it was that page
Came galloping through the town.

'Now, Christ thee save! thou sweet young page;
Now Christ thee save, and see!
And how doth sweet Prince Henry,
I pray thee tell to me?'

The page he look'd at the fair Alice,
And his heart was full of woe;
The page he look'd at the fair Alice,
Till his tears began to flow.

'Ah, woe is me!' sad Alice cried,
And tore her golden hair;
And so fast she wrung her lily hands,
All wo'd with sad despair.

'The English keep the bloody field,
Full many a Scot is slain'——
'But, lives Prince Henry?' that Lady cried,
'All else to me is vain!——

'Oh! lives the Prince? I pray thee tell?'
Fair Alice still did call.
'These eyes did see a keen arrow flee,
Did see Prince Henry—fall!'

Fair Alice she sat her on the ground,
And never a word she spake,
But like the pale image did she look;
For her heart was nigh to break.

The rose that once so ting'd her cheek,
Was now, alas! no more:
But the whiteness of her lily skin,
It was fairer than before!

'Fair Lady, rise!' the page exclaim'd,
'Nor lay thee here thus low.'——
She answer'd not; but heav'd a sigh,
That spake her heartfelt woe!

Her maidens came, and strove to cheer,
But in vain was all their care;
The townsfolk wept to see that Lady
O'erwhelmed with despair.

They rais'd her from the danky ground,
And sprinkled water fair:
But the coldest water from the spring,
Was not so cold as her.

And now came horsemen from the town,
(That the Prince had sent with speed)
With tidings to Alice that he did live,
To ease her of her dread.——

For, when the hapless Prince did fall,
The arrow did not him slay;
But his followers did bravely rescue him,
And convey'd him safe away:

Bravely they rescued that noble Prince,
And to fair Carlisle him bore;
And there that brave young Prince did live,
Though wounded sad and sore.——

Fair Alice the wondrous tidings heard,
And thrice, for joy, she sigh'd!
That hapless fair, when she heard the news,
She rose—she smil'd—and died.

The tears that her fair maidens shed,
Ran free from their bright eyes;
The echoing wind, that then did blow,
Was burden'd with their sighs.

The page he saw the lovely Alice
In a deep grave let down;
And at her head a green turf laid,
And at her feet a stone!

Then, with many a tear and many a sigh,
Hath he hied him on his way;
And he hath come to Carlisle town,
All clad in black array.

And now he hath come to the Prince's hall,
And lowly bent his knee.
'And how is the Lady Alice, so fair?
My page, come and tell to me.'

'O!—the Lady Alice, so lovely fair,
Alas! is dead and gone;
And at her head is a green grass turf,
And at her heels a stone.

'The Lady Alice is dead and gone,
And the worms feed by her side;
And all for love of thee, O Prince!
That beauteous Lady died.

'And where she's laid the green turf grows,
And a cold grave-stone is there;
But the dew-clad turf, nor the cold cold stone,
Is not so cold as her.'

Oh! then Prince Henry sad did sigh,
His heart all full of woe:
That hapless Prince he beat his breast,
And his tears began to flow.

'And art thou gone, my sweet Alice!
And art thou gone?' he cried:
Ah! would to Heaven that I, with thee,
My faithful love! had died.

'And have I lost thee, my sweet Alice?
And art thou dead and gone?
And at thy dear head a green grass turf,
And at thy feet a stone!

'The turf that's o'er thy grave, dear Alice!
Shall with my tears be wet:
And the stone at thy feet shall melt, love!
E'er I will thee forget.'

And when the news came to merry England,
Of the battle in the North;
Oh, then King Stephen and his nobles
So merrily marched forth:

And they have had justs and tournaments
And have feasted o'er and o'er,
And merrily merrily have they rejoic'd
For the victory of Cuton Moor.

But many a sigh adds to the wind,
And many a tear to the show'r,
And many a bleeding heart hath broke,
For the battle of Cuton Moor!——

And many's the widow all forlorn,
  And helpless orphan poor,
And many's the maiden, that shall rue
  The victory of Cuton Moor.

The Lady Alice is laid full low,
  And her maidens tears do pour;
And many's the wretch with them shall weep,
  For the victory of Cuton Moor.

The holy priest doth weep, as he sings
  His masses o'er and o'er;
And all for the souls of them that were slain
  At the battle of Cuton Moor!

Amyntor and Theodora;

OR,

THE HERMIT.

BY DAVID MALLET.

CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad wave,
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thule east, her airy height
Aloft to Heav'n remotest Kilda lifts,
Last of the sea-girt Hebrides that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic skies, yet blameless still of arts
That polish to deprave each softer clime,
With simple nature, simple virtue, bless'd!
Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War
Uprear'd his sanguine standard, nor unsheath'd,
For wealth or power, the desolating sword;
Where Luxury, soft syren, who around
To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane, that sooths at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown: but calm content,
That lives to reason, ancient faith, that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union, innocence of ill
Their guardian genius; these the powers that rule

This little world, to all its sons secure
Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
From passion's rage, the body from disease:
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
Firm in each sinew vigour's pliant spring,
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime; these light up their morn,
And close their eve in slumber sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of ocean's raging sound: but last and best,
What Avarice, what Ambition, shall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the Heav'n-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on the' uncultur'd wild,
With independence dwells and peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.
Daughter of Heav'n and Nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth
Of evening forest, brown with broadest shade,
Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,
By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inspiration sits
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
Thy wing high-hovering spread, and to the gale,
The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best beseems
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.
Here good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
The world around, or deeper solitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By fate unequal, and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him bless'd, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought, and with the surge,

And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance sad
The' unhappy past recall'd, a faithful wife,
Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,
His soul's companion and his softer friend,
With one fair daughter in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, imbitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless!—Thus he liv'd,
If this was life; to load the blast with sighs,
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour; for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish; stretch'd along
The naked beach, or shivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm,
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his head.
Such were his hours, till Time the wretch's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each sullen spectre chase; his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd; as after winds
Of ruffling wing the sea subsiding slow
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first
Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
To Heav'n his eye, and through the turbid mists,
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause supreme,
All-just, all-wise; who bids what still is best
In cloud or sunshine, whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.
Thus in his bosom, every weak excess,
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge,

To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand, and in her bright'ning beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before the' ascending sun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death: anticipating Heav'n
In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore, and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where peace delights to dwell, where one fair morn
Still orient smiles; and diffusive spring,
That fears no storm, and shall no winter know,
The' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
Yet murmurs from his breast, 'tis for the pangs
Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel,
Still suffering in his fate; 'tis for a foe
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heav'n
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.
The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse
The rosy year, and in each pleasing hue
That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows
With florid light, the fairest month array'd;
While Zephyr, while the silver-footed Dews,
Her sott attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of Winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild thyme flowering, betony and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's * spicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.

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* The root of this plant, otherwise named *argatilis sylvaticus*, is aromatic, and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 180.

But high above the season full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's summons their aërial state
Annual to found, and in bold voyage steer
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore,
By Heaven's directive spirit here to raise
Their temporary realm, and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues;
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.
Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where at large
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.
Amaz'd he gazes, and, adoring, owns
The hand Almighty, who its channell'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere,
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family. Now rose
Sweet evening's solemn hour: the sun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament,
Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky

With splendor undiminish'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aërial landscape. Here, alone,
On earth's remotest verge Aurelius breathed
The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath;
When, lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintry pines, high waving o'er the steep
Of sky-crown'd Appenine: the sea-pie ceas'd
At once to warble; screaming from his nest
The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
From shore to sea: on came, before her hour,
Invading Night, and hung the troubled sky
With fearful blackness round:* sad Ocean's face
A curling undulation shivery swept
From wave to wave; and now impetuous rose
Thick cloud and storm, and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.
Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd;
His stunn'd ear smote with all the thundeirng main,
His eye with mountains surging to the stars,
Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds,
Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all the' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct: with sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought

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* See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

That Pow'r invokes whose voice the wild winds hear,
Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from Heav'n,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
But, O! ill-omen'd death-devoted heads!
For Death bestrides the billow, nor your own
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant Fate. And, lo! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes,
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall,
And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve
Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—
Ah! save them, Heav'n! it bursts in deluge down
With boundless undulation: shore and sky
Rebellow to the roar: at once ingulf'd,
Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep
Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept;
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek:
He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene,
And brooding in sad silence o'er the sight
To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to Heav'n in sighs: 'Thy will be done
Not mine, supreme Disposer of events!
But death demands a tear, and man must feel
For human woes: the rest submission checks.'

Not distant far, where this receding bay*
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate
Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof,
Of some unfolding temple: on its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in pensive thought, Aurelius past,
Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
Remurmur'd shrill, he stopp'd, he rais'd his head,
And saw the' assembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth
He lay: the living lustre from his eye,
The vermeil hue extinguish'd from his cheek,
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, through hovering mists at eve,
Grey Autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
The briny wave, and close within his grasp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stemm'd the flood with agonizing breast,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand,
Where bold proportion and where softening grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
Aurelius from the breathless clay his eye
To Heav'n imploring, rais'd; then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
He bid transport it speedy through the vale
To his poor cell, that lonely stood and low,
Safe from the north, beneath a sloping hill;
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd

* See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

On columns rude; its roof with reverend moss
Light-shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapoury air with aromatic smells;
Then drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes,
While life to scarce-felt motion faintly lifts
His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek
The rosy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on Heav'n, on the surrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,
Dissolv'd in tears around, then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length in sounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
Distraction spoke—' Down, down with every sail!
Mercy, sweet Heav'n!—Ha! now whole ocean sweeps
In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!
We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!
That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.
O for a sun to light this black abyss!
Gone—lost—for ever lost!' He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale assistants fell,
Whom now with greeting and the words of peace
Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued,
Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful, his ear each murmur, every breath,
Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade
The sacred silence due to grief supreme:
Then thus at last; ' O from devouring seas
By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy sense, return'd, can yet discern the Hand,
All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea,
Yon whirling waste of tempest, led thee safe,

That Hand Divine with grateful awe confess,
With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
The' unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain—the' Almighty Voice
Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the deep
Yield up its prey; that by his mercy sav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love.
May justify to all the sons of men,
Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
Such praise delights him most——
He hears me not.
Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe,
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream!
' Yet speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful priviledge 'tis mine,
Myself most wretched, and in sorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to share in every pang
The wretched feel, to soothe the sad of heart,
To number tear for tear and groan for groan
With every son and daughter of distress.
Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent:
My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine,
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reason's paths, to happiness and Heav'n!'
The Hermit thus; and, after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown.
' What have I heard?—On this untravell'd shore,
Nature's last limit, hemm'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
A comforter to find, whose language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend whose breast
The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown!
If woes for ever wedded to despair,
That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me

A meet companion; one whom earth and Heav'n
Combine to curse; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
From social converse though for ever barr'd.
Though chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
Of human woes beyond what milder climes,
By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from beauty all divine,
Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when first our eye
Receives impression? then, as passion grew,
Did Heav'n consenting to thy wish indulge
That bliss no wealth can bribe, no pow'r bestow,
That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my despair,
How total! how extreme! for this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies lost and buried there—O, awful Heav'n!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
Canst tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd Maid!
O, most undone Amyntor!'—Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this his voice suppress'd
The rest was agony and dumb despair.

Now o'er their heads damp Night her stormy gloom
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror closing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt;
And thus replied, as one in nature skill'd,
With soft-assenting sorrow in his look,
And words to soothe not combat hopeless love.

'Amyntor, by that Heav'n who sees thy tears,
By faith and friendship's sympathy divine,
Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just!
How long in silent anguish to descend,
When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners! He who can resign
Has never lov'd; and wert thou to the sense,
The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
No mansion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love
And tender pity, whose kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our social sighs; and still as Morn unveils
The brightening hill, or Evening's misty shade
Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme: then shalt thou hear
From me, in sad return, a tale of woes
So terrible—Amyntor; thy pain'd heart,
Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark
And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk:—
Here break we off; and thou, sad mourner! try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely sleep: each gracious wing from Heav'n,
Of those that minister to erring man,
Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm
Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
Of brightest vision, whisper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodness ever shares,
And to us both be friendly as we need!'

CANTO II.

NOW midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around the' unsleeping isle
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd,
And in mix'd horror to Amyntor's ear
Borne through the gloom, his shrinking sense appall'd,
Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
Again pale Memory labours in the storm;
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondness lov'd. And now another show'r
Of sorrow o'er the dear unhappy maid
Effusive stream'd, till late, through ev'ry pow'r
The soul subdued sunk sad to slow repose,
And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night: a pause from pain
Not long to last; for Fancy, oft awake
While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
To mock with mimic shows. And, lo! the deeps
In airy tumult swell: beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves off overwhelming seas,
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back: anon the shadowy world
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
Where solitary, o'er the starless void,
Dumb Silence broods. Through heaths of dreary length,
Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar through the wild, and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,
Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,

That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide;
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung spousals, as along the enamel'd turf
They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
The fair encircled; thrice she fled his grasp,
And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
'O turn! O, stay thy flight!'—so loud he cried,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd he gaz'd around; his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still on his eye the hovering shadow blaz'd;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear,
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid the incumbent low'r
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound;
Then scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood,
Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor Reason's voice
Nor owed submission to the will of Heav'n
Restrains him; but as passion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
Though passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
To which himself had borne the' unhappy fair,
May yet be seen. Around o'er sea and shore
He roll'd his ardent eye, but naught around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold.
And now, wide open'd by the wakeful Hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea; while, all unveil'd,
The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye

Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this steep
Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
The northern deep: amidst, from space to space,
Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As slow the' ascending mists disperse in air,
Shoot gradual from her bosom; and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thousand landscapes, barren some and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to Heav'n,
Of horrid grandeur: some with sounding ash,
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the sun's adoring beam,
Who now, fair rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.
Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites
And Virtue's rule enjoin; but first to him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his matin song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address'd:
'Fountain of light! from whom yon orient sun
First drew his splendour: Source of life and love!
Whose smiles now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring; O, First and Best!
Thy essence though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works impress'd,
In characters coeval with the sun,
And with the sun to last; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,

Sole revelation through all time the same.
Hail, universal Goodness! with full stream
For ever flowing, from beneath the throne,
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life;
From all that live on earth, in air, and sea,
The great community of Nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest, with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where Virtue leads to follow and be bless'd.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend! to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer:
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant, and let that will be done!'
This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd; such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respires
In mountain walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown, nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius, mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began:
' O sight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear! whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd
That fancy, trane'd in fairest vision, dreams;
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,

Each bliss that cheers; there on the damp earth spread,
Beneath a heav'n unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn!
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
Its tender anguish—–'
'Hear me, Heav'n,' exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, 'could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony,
I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought,
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost;
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O sainted Maid!
For such in Heaven thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet these names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs, that I—O grief supreme!
O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd
For such a task?—that I those dear remains,
With maiden rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault, and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine!
'Such, and so dire,' replied the cordial friend
In Pity's look and language, 'such, alas!
Were late my thoughts: whate'er the human heart
Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This bosom ravag'd. Hearken then, good Youth!
My story mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear.

'In me a man behold whose morn serene,
Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
In virtuous purpose or in honest act.
Drew fair distinction on my public name
From those among mankind, the nobler few,
Whose praise is fame; but there, in that true source
Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
In home-found peace and love, supremely bless'd!
Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd,
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heav'n, the same!
At last, Amyntor, in my falling age
Fall'n from such height, and with the felon herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with shame!
Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O sovereign Reason! all deriv'd
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!
'O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeless years the' oppressor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
Of want and woe, of danger and despair,
As Heav'n has thine, to pity their distress!
'Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
Be far the' unhallow'd licence of abuse;
Be far the bitterness of saintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
The Prince to guard—but guard the people too;

Chief one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,
Fair Freedom! birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God who gave indelible pronounc'd.
' But if, disclaiming this his Heaven-own'd right,
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,
And loyalty revolt from virtue's law:
For say, Amyntor! does just Heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake or volcano when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
Ingulf their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravell'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to Heav'n: the arm of power
Extended fatal but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.
' In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk;
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the social life, renounc'd,
Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To shameful death! adjudg'd; against my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds:
And this blind fury of commission'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,

Was giv'n in charge; a foe whom blood-stain'd zeal
For what—(O hear it not, all-righteous Heav'n!
Lest thy rous'd thunder burst)—for what was deem'd
Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute
More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthless up: as tigers on their prey
On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
Devouring fell; nor that sequester'd shade,
That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which War itself
Beheld with reverence, could their fury 'scape;
Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames;
For flame and rapine their consuming march
From hill to vale by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
Embodied locusts from the wing descend
On herb, fruit, flow'r, and kill the ripening year;
While, waste behind, destruction on their track
And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heav'n! do I,
A man, survive to tell it? At the hour
Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
Of all who saw and curs'd his coward rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My last retreat to learn, and still detains
Beneath his roof accurs'd, that best of wives,
Emilia! and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there
And nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
Discovery there once more my peace of mind
Might wreck, once more to desperation sink
My hopes in heav'n.' He said; but, O sad Muse!
Can all thy moving energy of pow'r
To shake the heart, to freeze the' arrested blood,

With words that weep and strains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? ' O Heav'n! art thou—
What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he!—
Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
And, O most wretched too! alas! no more,
No more a father—on that fatal flood '
Thy Theodora'—At these words he fell;
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins,
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from heav'n by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immovable, his eye
With terror glaring wild, his stiffening limbs
In sudden marble bound; so stood, so look'd,
The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,
No tear had force to flow; his senses all,
Through all their pow'rs, suspended, and subdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
(Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
Ere first the thunder breaks)—on either side
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
As from some vision that to frenzy fires
The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—' Me, me,' he cry'd, ' on me
Let all thy wrongs be visited, and thus
My horrors end'—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm
Aurelius, though with deep dismay, and dread,
And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
Collecting, and resuming all himself,
Seiz'd sudden; then perusing with strict eye
And beating heart Amyntor's blooming form,
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke:
' O dire attempt! whoe'er thou art, yet stay
Thy hand self-violent, nor thus to guilt,

If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
Heav'n has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man first violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
Resign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair dismission hence; shall man do this,
Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
Red with the sin and recent from the stain
Of unrepented blood? Call home thy sense;
Know what thou art, and own his hand most just
Rewarding or afflicting—But say on;
My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import:
They urge me on, they bid me ask no more—
What would I ask? my Theodora's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
Good Heav'n! beyond all grace—But shall I blame
His rage of grief, and in myself admit
Its wild excess? Heav'n gave her to my wish;
That gift Heav'n has resum'd; righteous in both:
For both his providence be ever bless'd!'

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
Amyntor slow-recovering into thought,
Submissive on his knee the good man's hand
Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips:
His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence, spoke,
Through swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now rose to meet, now shunn'd the Hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him, till the various swell
Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke:

'What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.
Mistaken man! the honour of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.
I am—Aurelius! turn that look aside,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, Heav'n!

Forgive me, Virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond
Rolando's son; by your more sacred ties,
As to his crimes an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his——'
' Rolando's son! Just Heav'n!
Ha! here? and in my pow'r? a war of thoughts,
All terrible arising, shakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The father's heart, though seas are spread between,
Where great revenge!—Away! revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd
Ev'n to the crime my reason most condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke,
And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended held; but as the welcome blow,
With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court,
Behold in sudden confluence gathering round
The natives stood, whom kindness hither drew.
The man unknown with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came
Montano, venerable sage! whose head
The hand of Time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd, and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd to lodge him and secure;
To save him from himself, as one with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep:
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
With triple fork to Heaven, the mounted sun
Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
His noontide ray: and now, in lowing train,
Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
And nodding as they move, their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
Around its rocks to graze;* for strange to tell!
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
Intelligent of times, by Heav'n's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide
To labour and repose a simple race,
These native signs to due repast at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle,
All but Aurelius: he, unhappy man!
By Nature's voice solicited in vain,
Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black prospect rising to his eye——
'Twas anguish there; 'twas here distracting doubt!
Yet after long and painful conflict borne,

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* The cows often feed on the *alga marina*, and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week.—Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.

Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
Inclin'd alternate, summoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior rising, in the might of Him
Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,
Omnipotent can draw, again resign'd,
Again he sacrific'd to Heaven's high will
Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast,
The sigh soft memory prompts, the tender tear,
That streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost
With mournful magic tortures and delights,
Relieves us while its sweet oppression loads,
And by admitting blunts the sting of woe.
As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
That strengthens while it cheers, behold from far
Amyntor slow approaching! on his front
O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
Attraction sweetly sad; his noble port,
Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd,
And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Straight before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell they set them down
In counterview; and thus the youth began:
'With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's story; then, as Justice sees,
On either hand her equal balance weigh,
Absolve him or condemn—But, oh! may I
A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every son
By Heav'n made sacred, and by Nature's hand,
With honour, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas!
The curst effects of sanguinary zeal
Too near beheld, its madness how extreme,
How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy mischief; scene abhorr'd!

Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name;
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
That Pow'r whose law is meekness, and for deeds
That outrage Heav'n belying Heav'n's command:
'Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,
Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His course unjust to violence and rage;
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of beauty, nor the matron's sacred age,
Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,
Found reverence or distinction: yet, sustain'd
By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
Their threatening fate, imprisonment, and scorn
And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdued
To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
What patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;
But calmly constant, without effort great,
What reason dictates, and what Heav'n approves.
'But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive pow'r,
My further story clothe? O could I steal
From Harmony her softest-warbled strain
Of melting air, or Zephyr's vernal voice,
Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishment his evening lay,
All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell
How unperceiv'd and secret through his breast,
As morning rises o'er the midnight shade,
What first was ow'd humanity to both,
Assisting piety and tender thought,
Grew swift and silent into love for one;
My sole offence—if love can then offend
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

'O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
From its unfailing source! and then, too, seen
In milder lights; by Sorrow's shading hand
Touch'd into pow'r more exquisitely soft,
By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
O sweetness without name! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
Endears, enobles, her whom Fate afflicts,
Or Fortune leaves unhappy! passion then
Refines to virtue; then a purer train
Of Heav'n-inspired emotions, undebas'd
By self-regard, or thought of due return,
The breast expanding, all its pow'rs exalt
To emulate what reason best conceives
Of love celestial, whose prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!
'By this plain courtship of the honest heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With smiles of kind assent; with looks that spoke,
In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour!
O seen, but not enjoy'd; just hail'd and lost
Its flattering brightness! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye;
And love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
Profanes not; love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks back,
Reluctant to proceed; and filial awe,

With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of silence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe
Dash'd with indignant scorn each harbour'd thought
Of soft emotion or of social sense,
Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
That bigot rage imbosoms, fled at once,
And all the savage reassum'd his breast.
' 'Tis just,' he cried; ' who thus invites disdain,
Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
Shall be my care.' This threat, by brutal scorn
Keen'd and imbitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unseen, now deep through all her pow'rs
Its poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
Aurelius! O most injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
To woe new anguish? and to grief despair——
She is no more——'
' O Providence severe!'
Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cried;
But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief, and to the Will supreme,
In justice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature though assail'd,
Escap'd his lips. 'What! shall we from Heav'n's grace
With life receiving happiness, our share
Of ill refuse? and are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise? the' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd

By Love's own hand for salutary ends.
But were they ills indeed, can fond Complaint
Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command
This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again
The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
Of that unsounded deep the buried corse
To light and life restore? Bless'd pair! farewell!
Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
Of human fondness sighing in the breast,
And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth!
And let me call thee son, (for, O! that name
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me too sadly have deserv'd)
On with thy tale: 'tis mine, when Heav'n afflicts,
To hearken and adore.' The patient man
Thus spoke; Amyntor thus his story clos'd:
' As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
Her closing eyes, then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face—' O save my child!'
She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
Her shade receive, and with the truest tears
Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.
' What then remain'd for honour or for love?
What, by that scene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere,
On that drear spot within whose cavern'd womb
Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils
Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent

My trembling knee, and lock'd in her's my hand
Across her parent's grave. 'By this dread scene!
By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By Death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
That once was man, now mouldering here below!
But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
The' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps
As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but Death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves.'—I led her thence,
To where, safe station'd in a secret bay,
Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We sail'd—But, O my father! can I speak
What yet remains? you ocean, black with storm!
Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
The speechless crew aghast! and that lost fair!
Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heav'n
For me alone preferr'd; as on my arm
Expiring, sinking, with her fears she hung!
I kiss'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
And won at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,
The boldest mariners this precious charge
Instant to save, and in the skiff secur'd,
Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her.—That moment from the deck
A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf;
Nor me alone; its broad and billowing sweep
Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious Heav'n!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due
To me and mine; or was Amyntor sav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
And years of death to come?'—Nor further voice

Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supplied;
With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
To Heav'n uplifted, motionless and mute
He stood, the mournful semblance of Despair.
The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardour, shot on earth
Oppressive brightness round, till in soft stream,
From Ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the sky
Their veil diffusive spread, the scene abroad
Soft-shadowing vale and plain and dazzling hill.
Aurelius with his guest the western cliff
Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double stream a lucid source
Roll'd sounding forth, and where with dewy wing
Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle
Her village capital, where Health and Peace
Are tutelary gods, her small domain
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
That branching bear refreshful moisture on
To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view: from scene to scene around
Aurelius gaz'd, and, sighing, thus began:
'Not we alone; alas! in every clime
The human race are sons of sorrow born;
Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
Of pain and grief, from sire to son deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all must bear
The' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
Full to the moon-tide beam its primrose lap,
From hence due east.' Amyntor look'd, and saw
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd
With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,

To turn the mould and break the' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous; those, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white
With fruitful Ceres; while in train behind,
Three more the' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.
' Behold!' Aurelius thus his speech renew'd,
' From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
What yet necessity demands severe.
Twelve suns have purpled these encircled hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy summits drawn the' alternate veil
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now
For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,
Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep:
Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd
The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,
As annual on from shore to shore they move
In watry caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the south a gust of furious wind,
Upspringing, drove to sea, and left in tears
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
To sight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before surmis'd, one general groan
To Heav'n ascending, spoke the general breast
With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
Through these hoarse rocks on this resounding shore,
At morn was heard; at midnight, too, were seen,
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
With eager gaze—till from yon lesser isle,
Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the soaring lark
Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white

With curling mists—at last from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
Successive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
From rapture wept; yet ever and anon
By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky prison to release
Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
Destroy'd) and whom the' inevitable siege
Of hunger must assault: but hope sustains
The human heart; and now their faithful wives,
With love taught skill and vigour not their own
On yonder field the' autumnal year prepare.'*
Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,
On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
Rapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left,
And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand,
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or sailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs,
Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam that animates and cheers
All living kinds: he, glorious from amidst
A pomp of golden clouds, the' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
Wav'd one unbounded blush; a scene to strike

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* The Author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
Regardless on, through other walks convey'd
Of baleful prospect, which pale Fancy rais'd
Incessant to herself, and sabled o'er
With darkest night, meet region for despair!
Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
At distance saw, descending on the shore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their gestures strange
There fix'd him wondering; for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once to Heav'n, as seem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise;
Then slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came
Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid,
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—' Oh! all ye Pow'rs!'
Amyntor, startling, cry'd, and shot his soul
In rapid glance before him on her face:
' Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill; my feet are rooted here—and, see!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
Embodied, featur'd, it with all her charms—
And, lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!'
He ran, he flew; his clasping arms receiv'd
Her sinking weight—' O earth, and air, and sea!
'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Pow'r divine
Whose goodness knows on bound, thy hand is here
Omnipotent in mercy!' As he spoke,

Adown his cheek, through shivering joy and doubt,
The tear fast falling stream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,
My Theodora! yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!' At that name,
That potent name, her spirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, she, trembling, rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name, then sunk again;
Then swoon'd upon his bosom through excess
Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame
The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
For now, while on her face these men unknown
The stream, with cool aspersion, busy cast,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! the' adventurous few,
Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
Had sav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd
How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,
Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,
These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
(So Heav'n ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
Its prow directed safe—He had no more;
The rest already known, his every sense,
His full-collected soul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear:
'Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!

My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?
Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye shores unknown! ye wild-impending hills!
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,
Confess their living lord! what shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands.
My labouring thought? the' unutterable bliss,
Joy, wonder, gratitude? that pain to death
The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support
This swimming brain; I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee, nor cause thy heart
A second pang.' At this dilated high
The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian genius hovers, so the youth,
On her lov'd face assiduous and alarm'd,
In silent fondness dwelt, while all his soul
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
For further joy her soft impressive frame.
' O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half
The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentlest mind,
Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its pow'rs,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this isle,
Thy godlike father lives! and, lo!—but curb,
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he——look yonder——he, whose reverend steps
The mountain's side descend!'——Abrupt from his

Her hand she drew, and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
'My father!'—'O my child!' at one they cried:
Nor more: the rest ecstatic silence spoke,
And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bless'd scene,
Where emulous in either bosom strove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile,
And Heav'n, approving, look'd delighted down.
Nor theirs alone this blissful hour; the joy,
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran, and all the' exulting isle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept;
While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiss'd.
Now, while the song,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd
Aloud to Heav'n! Montano, reverend seer,
(Whose eye prophetic far through time's abyss
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of Fate,
Yet immature and in their causes hid,
Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood;
His frame with shivery horror stirr'd his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at the' unfolding scene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror seen,
And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.
'They fly!' he cried, 'they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heav'n o'ercast!
With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd,
Her drooping plains; while dawning rosy round

A purer morning lights up all her skies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William! borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
See! with spread wing Britannia's genius flies
Before his prow, commands the speeding gales
To waft him on, and o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive, bears the laurel crown;
Bless'd emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!
And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius! man
By Heav'n belov'd, thou, too, that sacred sun
Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!
I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
From this bless'd pair to spring; whom equal faith,
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age, the calmer hours
Of the last day to sweeten and adorn,
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!'

The Temple of Hymen.

BY JAMES CAWTHORN.

IN elder time, when men were chaste
And women had not got a taste,
It was ordain'd, to ease their cares,
The sexes should be link'd in pairs;
And pass the various scenes of life,
Known by the names of—man and wife.
To aid the scheme—so just and wise!—
The Male had vigour, strength, and size:
Undaunted, active, bold, and brave,
And fearless or of wind or wave,
He scal'd the cliff's enormous steep,
He plung'd into the pathless deep;
And dar'd, in open war, engage
The lion's sanguinary rage.
Woman, as meant to charm and please,
Had more of elegance and ease;
A fairer form, a finer mien,
A heart more gentle and serene.
Her smile *was* sunshine!—in her face
Sat sweetness, on the throne of grace;
While accents melted from her tongue
In all the harmony of song:
And every glance, that left her eyes,
Was milder far than vernal skies!

As nature now had done her best
She left to accident the rest:
' To accident!' you cry. ' Why yes!'——
Yet think not that she acts by guess.
Events can baffle man's endeavour;
But nature is extremely clever,
And works with so exact a care
As ne'er miscarries in a hair.
For now, when, on a festal day,
The Sexes met, alert and gay,
And in their pastimes, sports and dances,
Had interchang'd some tender glances,
The' impassion'd heart began to own
A set of instincts erst unknown;
To throb——with momentary fires,
And melt away in young desires:
In short, the men began to bow,
To soothe, to ogle, whine and vow;
To haunt the solitary shade,
And whisper to the village maid.
The village maid, who knew not yet
The breeding of a sly coquette,
And could not, with an artful sigh——
Like modern ladies!——smile, and lie;
Indulgent heard her lover's flame,
Frankly allow'd she felt the same,
And, ere the rosy-finger'd morn
Dried up the pearls upon the thorn,
Went with him, midst the virgin train,
In flowrets deck'd, to Hymen's fane!
This mild Divinity,—so sung
By half the poets, old and young,——
The patron of connubial truth,
Was now in all the bloom of youth.
Roses, fresh gather'd from their bush,
(Sweet emblems of the female blush!)
Wove in a wreath supremely fair,
Sat graceful on his auburn hair:

One hand sustain'd a torch on fire,
Significant of soft Desire;
The other held, in mystic shew,
A broider'd Veil of saffron hue:
Majestic flow'd his azure vest;
And rubies bled upon his breast.
The meek-ey'd god, an age or two,
Succeeded and had much to do:
In crowds his eager votaries came;
His altars never ceas'd to flame.
Besides an offering frank and free,
First paid him as the marriage fee,
Some pretty toys of shells and corals,
With sprigs of ever-blooming laurels,
And bowls of consecrated wine,
Were yearly plac'd upon his shrine;
The gifts of many a grateful pair,
Made happy by his guardian care.
It chanc'd three demons, fiends or witches,
Ambition, Vanity, and Riches,
Walk'd out, one evening bright and fair,
To breathe a little country air,
These, as old Nick would have it found
This soul-enchanting spot of ground,
Where happy husbands, happy wives,
Enjoy'd the most delicious lives;
And soon resolv'd to buy, or hire,
A vacant cottage of the 'Squire.
They came— they settled: sooth'd, caress'd,
Politely treated every guest;
And, with a world of pains and labours,
Lectur'd their simple-minded neighbours.
' My worthy friends,' said Wealth, ' behold
The splendour of all-conquering gold!
These guineas here, these brilliant things,
Which bear the images of kings,
Within their little orbs contain
Fair pleasure's ever-smiling train;

And can, to every swain dispense
Wit, spirit, virtue, taste and sense!
Who, save the fool, would wed a Phillis,
Whose only portion is her lilies?——
For ever doom'd, in life's low shade,
To ply the mercenary spade
Till some disease, whose nature such is
To set us on a pair of crutches,
Force him to plunder, beg or steal,
From charity an humble meal;
Then sent in age, for want of vittle,
To a poor almshouse or the' spittle!
Be wise!—and, when you mean to wed,
Scorn the fair forms of white and red:
And court the nymph whose genial charms,
Rich as the fruits upon her farms,
Will pour upon your daily toil
Abundant floods of wine and oil.'

This said—Ambition next began,
About the dignity of man!
He rallied much on groves and springs,
And finely dwelt on queens and kings.
'It was [he thought] a want of grace,
To mingle with our common race;
Since souls, made up of heavenly fire,
Were form'd in nature to aspire.'
—He told them, 'That a well-born wife
Ennobled every joy of life;
Without a patent, gave her Dear
The' importance of a titled peer;
Perhaps, might to a prince ally him,
And make him cousin to old Priam.'

While thus the fiends, with wily art,
Adroitly stole upon the heart,
And, with meet complaisance and tales,
Infected more than half the males;
Gay Vanity, in smiles and kisses,
Was busy with the maids and misses,

' My Dears!' says she, ' these pretty faces
Speak you the Sisters of the Graces!
Immortal Venus would be vain,
To have you in her court and train.
But sure, methinks, it something odd is
That beauties, who might match a goddess,
Should yield their more than mortal charms
To a dull rustic's joyless arms!——
A mere unanimated clod,
As much a lover as a god.
Oh let those eyes, which far outshine
The brightest sapphires of the mine,
Their precious orbs no longer roll
On fellows without life or soul:
But fly, my charmers! fly the wretches,
Dame nature's first misshapen sketches!
Fly, to the world!——where lords and 'squires
Are warm'd with more etherial fires;
Where Pleasure each fleet moment wings;
Where the divine Mignotti sings:
So shall each all-commanding fair
Have her two pages, and a chair,
Fine Indian tissues, Mechlin laces,
Rich essences in China Vases,
And rise, on life's exalted scene,
With all the splendour of a Queen!'——
She spoke; and in a trice, possess'd
The empire of the female breast.
And now the visionary Maids
Disdain'd their shepherds and their shades;
In every dream, with rapture saw
Three footmen and a gilt landau;
Assum'd a fine majestic air,
And learn'd to ogle, swim, and stare:
No longer beam'd the modest eye,
No longer heav'd the melting sigh.
Neglected Love, whose blunted dart
Scarce once a year could wound a heart,

Hung up his quiver on a yew,
And, sighing, from the world withdrew!
However, since the weal of life
Subsisted still in man and wife,
The' aforesaid fiends, for reasons good,
Coupled the sexes as they could.
For instance.——Women, made for thrones,
Were match'd with idiots, sots and drones;
And wits were every day disgrac'd
By honeys—without sense or taste;
Gay libertines, of sixty-five,
With scarce a single limb alive,
Leagu'd with coquettes, just in their teens,
As wanton as Circassian queens;
While youths, whose years told scarce a score,
Were pair'd with nymphs of sixty-four:
Matters, in fine, were so contriv'd
That men were most divinely wiv'd,
And women eke, to grace their houses,
Were bless'd with most accomplish'd spouses.
Ere two short months, some say in one,
Both sexes found themselves undone;
And came in crowds, with each an halter,
To hang poor Hymen——on his Altar!
The god, though arm'd but with his torch,
Intrepid met them in the porch,
And, while they hector, brawl and bully,
Harangu'd them with the ease of Tully.——
'Good folks!' he cried, 'it gives me pain
To hear you murmur and complain,
When every barber in the town
Knows that the fault is all your own.
Seduc'd by show, misled by wealth,
Regardless of your peace and health,
Panting for feathers, whims and fashions;
You left plain Nature's genuine passions,
And gave up all your real joys,
As Indians sell their gold, for toys.

You, Madam! who was pleas'd to fix
Your wishes on a coach-and-six,
Obtain'd your end; and now you find
Your husband ought to ride behind:
You might have had (without offence)
A man of spirit, soul and sense,
Could you have stoop'd—to take the air
In a plain chariot and a pair.
You, too, most venerable Sage!
Had you consider'd well your age,
Would scarce have chose, to be undone,
A sprightly girl of twenty-one!
Your Ladyship disdain'd to hear
Of any husband but a peer,
Was pleas'd your angel-form to barter
For a blue ribbon and a garter;
And now, magnificently great,
You feel the wretchedness of state:
Neglected, injur'd, spurn'd; and, more,
The victim of——an opera wh—e!
Your neighbour there, yon wealthy cit,
Like you, is miserably bit:
Too proud to drag the nuptial chain
With the safe nymphs of Foster-lane,
He married—such his fatal aim was!——
Some Lady Charlotte, from St. James's;
And now supports, by scores and dozens,
His very honourable cousins;
And entertains, with wine and cards,
Half the gay Colonels of the guards!
'Away, ye triflers! bear, endure
Afflictions which ye cannot cure:
At least with decency conceal
The pangs your follies make you feel;
In hopes, that some obliging fever
May rid you of your dears——for ever.'
The crowd dismiss'd, the god began
To muse upon a better plan:

He saw that things grew worse and worse,
That marriage was become a curse;
And therefore thought it just and wise was
To rectify this fatal bias,
And in a tasteless world excite
Due reverence for his holy rite.
Full of his scheme, he went one day
To a lone cottage roof'd with hay,
Where dwelt a nymph of strong and shrewd sense,
Known by the name of Gammer Prudence;
Whom Hymen, with a bow and buss,
Address'd most eloquently thus:
'Goody! I've order'd Love to go
This evening to the world below;
He travels in a coach and sparrows,
With a new set of bows and arrows:
But yet the rogue's so much a child,
So very whimsical and wild,
His head has such strange fancies in it,
I cannot trust him half a minute.
Were I to let the little wanton
Rove as he lists through every canton,
Without a check, without a rein,
The world would be undone again——
Soon should we see the lawns and groves
Quite fill'd with zephyrs, sighs, and doves;
With amorous ditties, fairy dances,
(Such as we read of in romances)
Where princes haunt the lonely rocks,
And empresses are leading flocks!
Go, then, my venerable dame!
And qualify this idle flame,
Instruct those hearts, his arrows hit,
To pause and have a little wit:
Bid them reflect, amidst their heat,
'Tis necessary love should eat;
That, in their most extatic billing,
They possibly may want a shilling!

Persuade them, ere they far engage,
To study temper, rank, and age,
To march beneath my holy banners,
Congenial in their tastes and manners;
Completing just as Heaven design'd!——
On union both of Sex and Mind'
He said, he urg'd.——The matron maid,
Benevolent of heart, obey'd;
Forsook her solitary grove,
And, waiting in the train of Love,
Watch'd with the sober eye of truth
The workings of misguided youth.
She, when the heart began to sigh,
To melt, to heave, to bleed, to die,
She whisper'd many a wise remark—
(With all the dignity of Clark)
' She hop'd the ladies, in their choice,
Would listen to her warning voice:'
She begg'd the men, while yet their lives
Were free from fevers, plagues, and wives,
Or yet the chariot was bespoke,
To pause——before they took the yoke!
In short, when Cupid's lucky darts
Had pierc'd a pair of kindred hearts,
And goodly Prudence lik'd the houses
Estates and minds of both the spouses,
And found, exact to form and law,
The settlement without a flaw,
She frankly gave them leave to wed;
And sanctified the nuptial bed.
The' event was such, Hymen became
Successful in his trade and fame.
Now both the parties, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, sense, and carriage:
Fair friendship ray'd, on either breast,
The sunshine of content and rest;
Studious each other's will to please,
And bless'd with affluence and ease,

Without vexation, words, or strife,
They calmly walk'd the road of life;
And, happy in their fondest joys,
Left a fine groupe of girls and boys,
Reflecting, lively, cool, and sage,
To shine upon a future age.

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